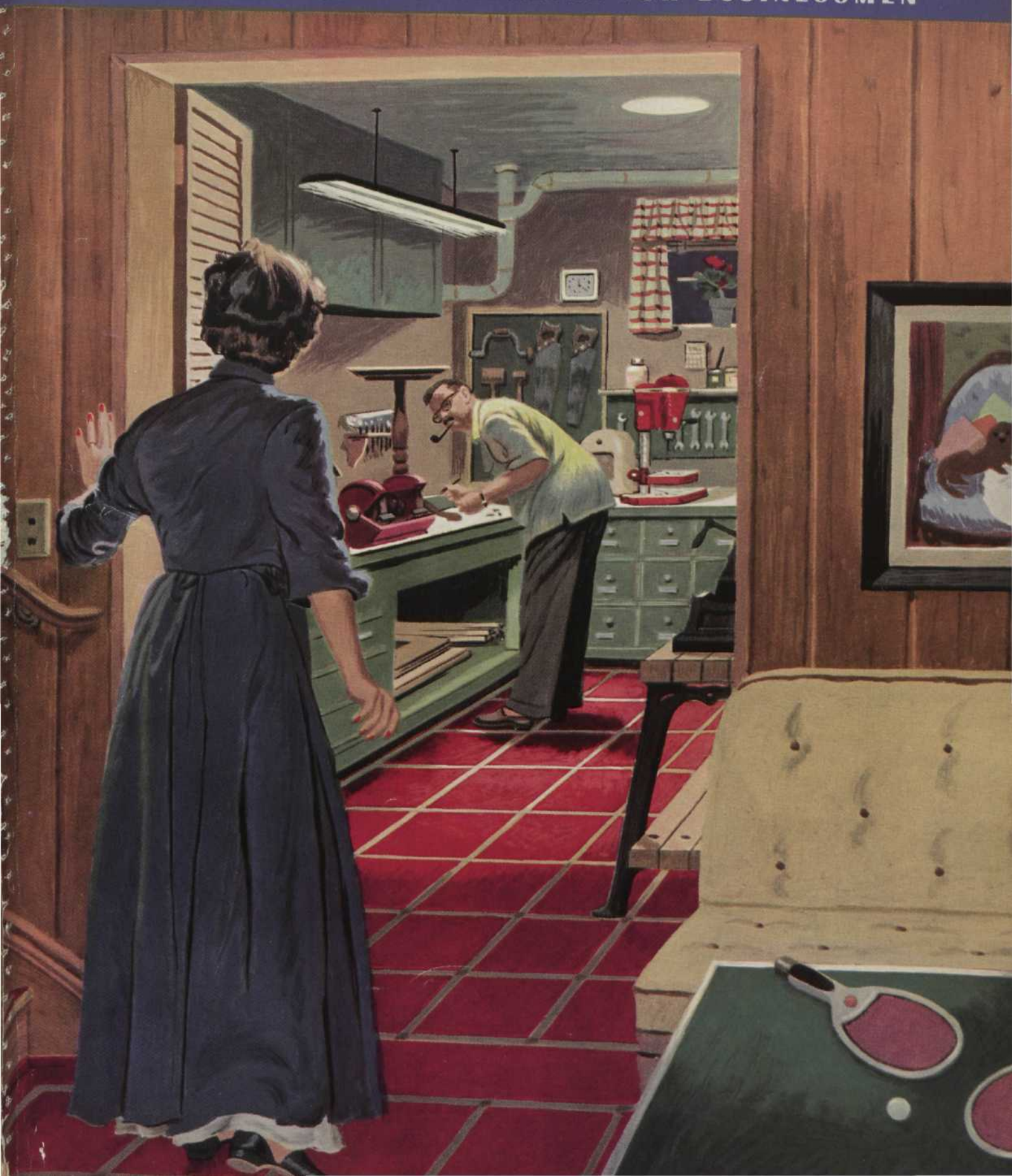
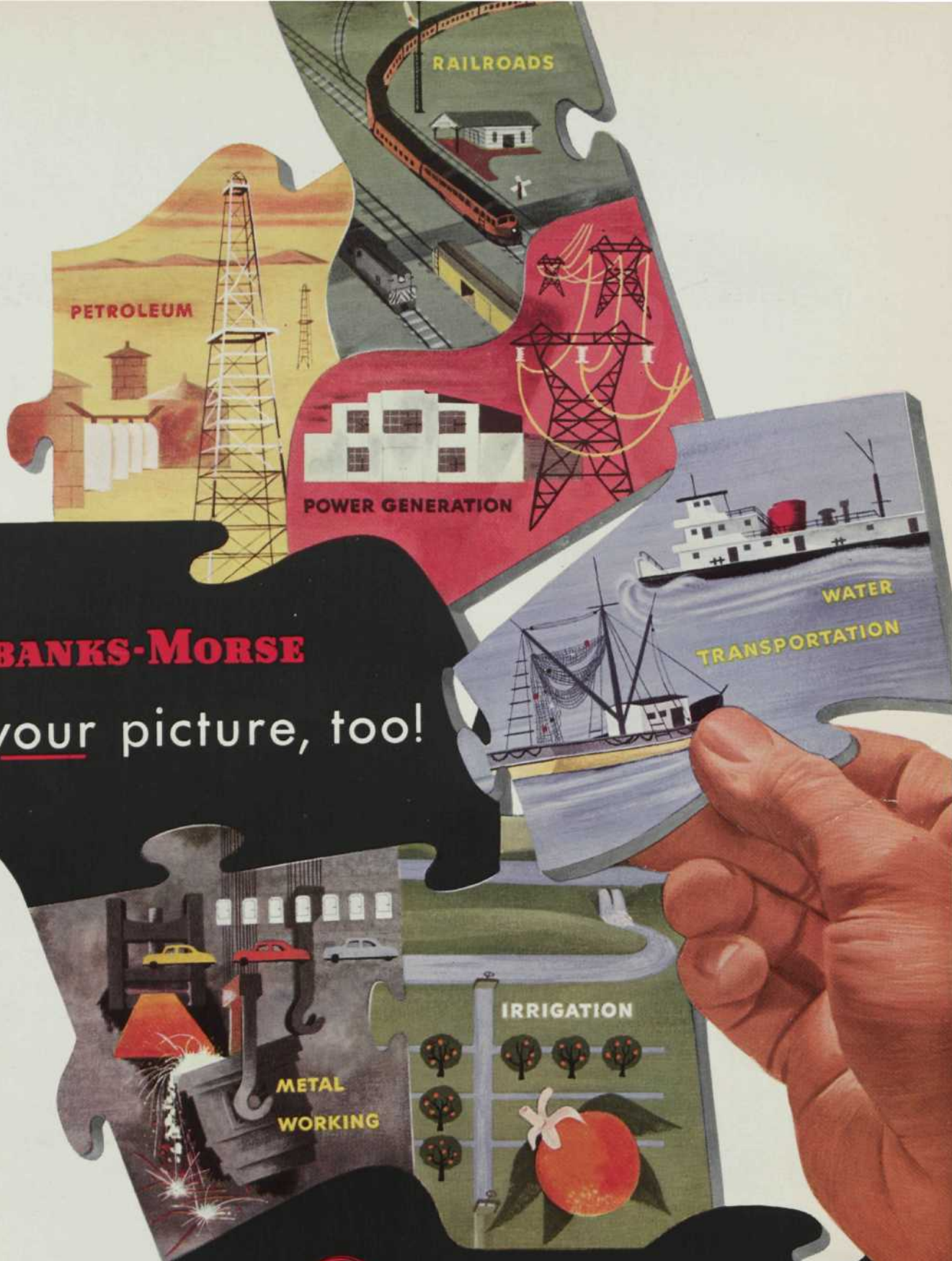


JANUARY 1952

Nation's BUSINESS

A GENERAL MAGAZINE FOR BUSINESSMEN





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through installment buying of cars and locomotives; in part, through drawing on the working capital of the railroads.

But this working capital has now been diminished to where the railroads have in their treasuries only a little more than enough to cover current cash expenditures for one-half of one month.

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Since World War II the Bell System has spent more than six billion dollars to improve and extend

the service. There are nearly fifteen million more telephones than six years ago. You can talk to more people — in more places — more quickly.

In these critical times, it is fortunate that the telephone industry could obtain the money needed to improve and extend the communication system which is so important to the armed forces, civil defense, office, factory and home.

The cost of providing telephone service is much higher than it was six years ago. Everyone knows how much wages, materials and taxes have gone

up. But telephone rates haven't kept up with these increases in cost.

Your telephone company must charge enough for its service so that the rising cost of wages, taxes and materials can be met.

The public agencies that control telephone rates have over the years recognized this need for a financially strong telephone company able to perform its service well. It is essential that the company attract the investors whose money is required to keep on giving this country the best telephone service in the world.

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WHAT'S ahead for the economy? Not real scarcities. In fact, any shortages that develop will be limited to a few goods and for a short time.

In spite of the 4,000,000 man military force now planned by the middle of the year, there will still be enough employes for everyone except the farmer.

These are but two of the things that **VERGIL D. REED** sees as he takes "A Look or Two at '52."

A frequent contributor to the magazine, Reed is a vice president and associate director of research for J. Walter Thompson Company. Making predictions has been old hat with him for some time. His first go at probing the future was in 1922 when he was given the job of figuring out the potential sardine market in Bolivia. However, there is nothing fishy about his current prognostications.

"THE Yankee billionaires and millionaires, driven by hunger for gold and power, are preparing to murder the peace of the world," according to a favorite and much used propaganda device of the Reds. According to this fable which the whole world is asked to believe, American business wants war—and the heavy profits that come from it.

In rebuttal we asked **LEO CHERNE** to write an article telling how businessmen actually feel about the subject. Cherne is the executive director of the Research Institute of America. Both economist and writer, he has spent much of his time interpreting government rules and regulations to business, with special emphasis on industrial mobilization.

AS YOU might suspect from his name, **JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS**,

author of this month's short story, is a Virginian. Though born in Lynchburg, he was transplanted early to a farm in the same state, where he did all the things that country boys do the world over and "a few the others never thought of doing."



After five years at The University (of Virginia, of course) he migrated to New York where he worked on a magazine and got married.

Phillips returned home in 1930 to live in a big old house atop a hill overlooking the town of Scottsville and the James River. In these surroundings he has been free lancing and hunting wild turkeys ever since.

Phillips considers himself a lucky guy. "I work hard, but not too hard. I have time to hunt and fish and raise bird dogs." However, there is one discordant note to this almost idyllic existence: his best friends, including a hunting companion, say that he snores atrociously.

ANY resemblance between the tense gent pictured here and the one on page 40 is purely coincidental. The photo is one of a number that artist **H. RUDOLPH POTT** took of himself as a model for the old curmudgeon in the fishing story by John Randolph Phillips.

"I like to pose myself for most of the characters in my paintings, if possible," Pott says, "because I get a more lively, human feeling. While this tends to make all the characters brothers, I think this is offset by other advantages the system has."

When not arranging himself in front of his camera, Pott divides his time equally between advertising drawings and editorial work. A good suburbanite, at present, he commutes every weekday from his home in Jenkintown, Pa., to his studio in Philadelphia. He finds this a very comfortable routine because he is saved the thousands of little household chores that fall to the housebound husband.

Thirty years experience trying to give art buyers what they want, when they want it, combined with a desire to eat, Pott has learned, is



CRITERION

a sure cure for any trace of artistic temperament.

GEORGE FRAZIER is another writer who has been contributing to *NATION'S BUSINESS* for a number of years. Though he is best known perhaps for his articles on jazz, he by no means confines his talent to musings on music and the boys who make it. "It is not a solvent profession," says Frazier, explaining why he is ready to report on fire buffs or most any subject an editor can dream up.

Frazier got into magazine writing more or less the common way—jumping from a newspaper. For a time he was a Boston columnist, later joined *Life*. From there he moved into free-lance writing.

AFTER handling **FELIX MORLEY'S** copy for six years, staff members become self-conscious when faced with the task of writing about him. Such an assignment implies a need to match his preciseness of language—a challenge few of us care to accept.

Although he has been our most constant contributor, his name has appeared in "About this Issue" only once or twice.

This month it seems opportune to mention Morley again, for two reasons. First, he is starting his seventh year as author of "The State of the Nation." Second, he has just written a new book—his fifth.

The volume, "The Foreign Policy of the United States," is published by Alfred A. Knopf. In it the writer has achieved a skilful balance between his dual talents as student and reporter. As a student he brings years of historical background to the subject. As a reporter he has watched recent developments from Washington and several foreign capitals. His book gives the reader a perspective—both historical and current—against which to evaluate happenings in the international field.

TIME often stands still for the man who is fortunate enough to have his own basement workshop. But, as **BEN PRINS** shows on the cover, the lady of the house is aware of both the score and the time. So when she descends the cellar stairs her "How much longer will you be, dear?" is likely to be more than a polite query.



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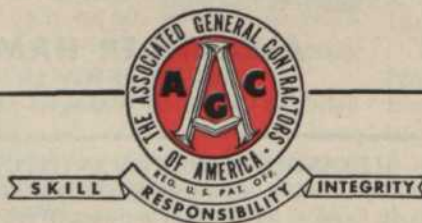
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MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

✓ BUSINESSMAN'S LULLABY—

Race along business,
At a new top.
When the boom slows,
The index will drop.
When the boom ends,
Your prices will fall
And down will come business,
Profits and all.

✓ ARMS PROGRAM will change character this year—with far-reaching effect. You'll feel it in your business, directly or indirectly. Here's the change:

So far program has been concentrated on broadening the base—building new plants, new supply sources.

We're completing a giant retooling job—changing to war models.

That job goes over the hump this year. It's beginning to taper off now, will drop sharply by midyear.

At same time spending for actual production will rise—Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson says military spending will double the present \$2,000,000,000 monthly rate.

Which means—

Demand for war plant structural steel will drop. Same goes for other materials in industrial buildings, the trades that build them, equipment that fills them.

At same time demands arising from Stage Two will surge upward. Requirement for materials will rise as broadened base begins to chew them up, form them into products. Employment: Same pattern.

Materials sources have been expanded. But not in proportion to requirements projected by defense planners.

So they expect shortages to become more acute. Another cutback in automobiles. Further cutbacks in heavy appliances. Tighter restrictions on nonessentials.

If this pattern develops, so will queer-looking distortions. Steel may pile up while automobiles are held back because of copper.

That's how things look to top-level defense authorities.

They expect shortages to hit hard in spring, along with price pressures.

But it takes two sides of the pliers to make a pinch. The other side: Consumer demand. Defense planners can't forecast that.

So far consumers haven't cooperated to make the pinch. Their demands have been below restrictions imposed by Government. So the prices they pay are below those set by OPS.

They still hold one side of the pliers. If they don't push: No squeeze.

✓ PUT THIS DOUBT against the planners' projected pinch—

Arms production in '52 may not follow its expected rise for same reason it hasn't followed plans in past year—engineering has held it up.

Keep in mind the vast difference between today's arms and those built for World War II.

Eighteen months ago U. S. could have chopped down auto, other industries, switched all-out to war goods. And now be producing great numbers of B-29's, F-51's, 1942-model tanks, antiaircraft guns.

But the military wants none of these. It wants modern weapons.

Which means jet fighters in which the electronics equipment alone is more complicated, more costly than was the whole fighter in World War II.

It means electronically controlled antiaircraft firepower for protection against planes flying too high, too fast for World War II equipment, methods.

Military wants arms, ships, even personal equipment matched to the age of atomic warfare.

And there are no jigs, no molds, no drawings left over from World War II with which these can be made.

Today's weapons—the products-to-be of the arms program—are in large part new and in many instances untried.

Which means that developments, changes, adjustments, substitutions, redesigns are many.

Production of an airplane—or any other major item—underway today is likely to be interrupted tomorrow because of a new development in one of its very new components.

Another example: More than a thousand highly trained engineers concentrate on guided missiles.

They work in a new field, progress by trial and error. Who will take responsibility for saying they have gone far enough, for freezing into production a


MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

missile that may be made obsolete by next month's development?

All-out war would make the decision simple, immediate.

But without war, without a known need date, the military is slow to move missiles, electronics, antiatomic equipment off the drawing boards into production.

That's what is behind the situation that has caused a plane maker to tell a government expediter: "We have all the materials in the world. But they won't do us any good until we can get final design. And so far we can't get that."

 WHERE IS THE nation's vast plant expansion taking place? In what lines?

Tax amortization certificates show that even government-sponsored defense expansion is greatest in broad, basic lines, those that would be affected by expansion of the peacetime economy.

Latest compilation of quick write-off certificates shows they have been granted for 4,500 plants with total value of \$11,000,000,000.

Let's look at the top half dozen classifications—

Leading the list is steel works and rolling mills, with new plants valued at \$1,919,000,000.

Next comes railroads with expansion valued at \$1,149,000,000. Third is chemicals (organic, inorganic, synthetics) with new plant valued at \$1,074,000,000.

Fourth in line is petroleum refining, \$620,000,000. Then comes aluminum, \$614,000,000; light and power, \$608,000,000; paper, \$512,000,000.

Only by lumping aircraft with aircraft engines, propellers and parts, can you get a total of \$525,000,000, to put a strictly military group in sixth place—between electric energy and paper.


Tanks fall 'way down the list, with a total of \$78,000,000 worth of new plant.

Average write-off limit is 65 per cent of total cost, over first five years of operation.

So the greater the volume during that five years the greater the possible write-off. Which forecasts a strong effort by owners of these plants to run at a high rate, spread their products through the markets, at least until 1957.

Still pending: More than 7,000 appli-

cations on another \$11,000,000,000 worth of plant.

 DON'T TRANSLATE general shortages into specific instances or localities.

For example: Electric energy industry is getting only one third of its requirement of steel and conductors (copper, aluminum).

Which appears to indicate severe shortage of electric power is developing rapidly.


But is it? Remember, requirement was set up to meet defense program needs. And that program is behind original schedules.

So materials-caused delay in electric industry may be matched—certainly is matched in some localities—by delay in need for the expanded energy production.

So if electricity supply is a factor in your plans check with supplying companies before making final decision.

The situation may be satisfactory.

Note: Electric power expansion expenditure last year was \$3,200,000,000.

 WATCH FOR SHARPLY increased British pressure for cartel that would give them a big share of the billion-a-year U. S. rubber market.

Britain's competitor: America's war-built synthetic plant, now producing rubber at rate of 1,000,000 tons a year—at half the price of British-controlled natural.

That, plus U. S. technical know-how almost daily produces adaptations in which made-rubber is superior to natural.

British fear natural rubber tree may go the way of the silk worm—which also ran up against American technical development.

Here's what man-made fibers have done to the silk worm:

In 1930 U. S. silk imports totaled 81,993,641 pounds, valued at \$266,137,552. That's an average of \$3.24 a pound.

By 1940 silk imports had dwindled to 47,600,379 pounds, valued at \$126,030,868, or \$2.70 a pound.

In 1950 imports were 10,542,664 pounds valued at \$21,150,513, or \$2.10 a pound.

Why? Because during those years U. S. technicians and producers had brought to the market better fibers at lower prices—an accomplishment paralleling the rubber pattern.

So British will work quietly to return U. S. synthetic plants to standby basis—as happened after World War II. They will stay away from quality-price factors, stress instead their need for dollars, the need to combat communism in

WASHINGTON LETTER

Southeast Asia, where rubber grows.

There's a big hole in the last argument: Never before has money poured into Southeast Asia at rate of recent rubber-scarcity years. Instead of receding, communism has gained strength in that area during those years.

Battle for rubber market results from switch to oversupply situation.

U. S. stockpile, others around the world, are filled. Instead of being dependent on British-controlled natural, U. S. is starting to export made-rubber.

At present price there's broad market for it in Europe, South America.

✓ U. S. RUBBER consumption is 18 pounds per person each year. The rest of the world uses one pound per person.

If the world's use rate should rise by four ounces present oversupply would turn to extreme shortage.

It takes seven years to grow a rubber tree to producing size. But a synthetic plant producing tonnages reaching six figures can be built in less than year.

✓ LOOK FOR BIG BOOM in superhighway construction this year.

Traffic congestion throughout nation pours rising tide of demand for new roads into Washington.

Defense officials plan more steel for roads—"If we don't Congress will make us. The pressure is getting too strong to be checked."

Why is steel so important to highways? Because roads needed today aren't strips of concrete (or other materials) laid on the ground across a countryside.

Instead they are high-speed thoroughfares bridged over intersecting roads, across cities. Bridging makes them dependent on steel.

Structural steel shapes will become more available as defense base-broadening slows down. But that doesn't mean more schools, hospitals, other public buildings. These require copper also. Roads don't. So roads will get the steel.

✓ COPPER'S SHORT—but there's lots of it in the stockpile.

Your union can get you more of it (or whatever you need that's scarce) than can your purchasing agent.

If your purchasing agent tries to get it he would be accused of putting profits ahead of defense.

But the union has a different story. If shortage threatens production, union officials can talk jobs—food, rent, medical expense.

That's a better story.

✓ WHAT'S INFLATION?

Sudden rise in business loans in 1947 brought demand to Congress from Administration for inflation control program.

Reporting banks in 94 cities had recorded a rise from \$11,883,000,000 to \$13,116,000,000 in the ten weeks ending Oct. 1. The rise: \$1,233,000,000.

In the same ten weeks last year the rise was from \$18,958,000,000 to \$20,171,000,000. The rise: \$1,213,000,000.

The increase was nearly the same. But this time there was no inflation fear. Instead there was what a government economist terms "violent uninflation."

✓ DON'T CONFUSE as economy the President's forthcoming request for military appropriations.

Last year's ('52 fiscal) was nearly \$60,000,000,000. This year's will be \$45,000,000,000.

But that doesn't mean military will spend less. It will spend more—by at least ten per cent. To cover it there will be a \$20,000,000,000 carryover from fiscal '52.

✓ LIGHT FIGHTING strengthens red position in Korea.

United Nations planes had cut sharply into Communists' flow of supplies to battle lines. They still do.

But there is this difference: Supply lines restricted to half flow during heavy fighting meant front lines were being starved. Same restriction during light fighting enables Reds to build up front line supplies.

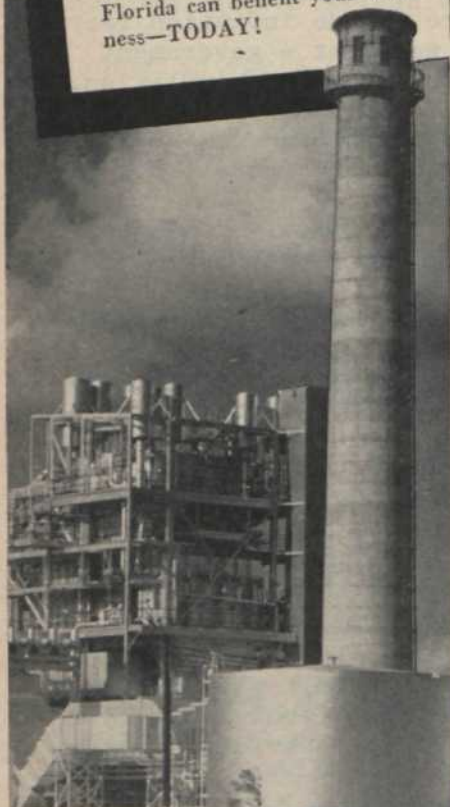
✓ BRIEFS: Planning price revisions under Capehart amendment? Have your auditor check the several options. May pay you to price some goods under one, other lines under others. . . . Scotch whisky stocks in this country are a million gallons above year ago level—because of bigger shipments, not less drinking. . . . Travel men say new lower roundtrip air fare to Europe (\$486) will add 200,000 travelers to that route in '52. That's \$200,000,000 in travel money. Even-as-you-and-I note: U. S. Treasury ran short of cash, had to limit its outgo last month to meet a \$600,000,000 interest payment.

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By My Way

R. L. DUFFUS



As to 1952

I DON'T suppose many persons ever expected the year 1952 to arrive, but here it is. Being divisible by four it is a Leap Year, which means that those who are paid by the month will have to work an extra day but that this will be partially compensated by the fact that those who rent dwelling space by the month will have Feb. 29 for nothing. Women will get their men this year about as often as they usually do, but I don't think its being Leap Year will make much difference one way or the other. This is also—or so I see by the papers—a presidential year. Such years not only try men's souls, they try men's patience.

This department will not take sides. However, if all else is equal I shall be inclined to vote against candidates or parties that hire loudspeakers on sound trucks to go around when I want a bit of peace and quiet.

Best wishes

MY BEST wishes go out to all readers of this department (and to many others) for what will be left of 1952 (most of it) when these words appear in print. It is hard to tell how universal one's good wishes should be. For example, should I wish happiness to a man whose notion of happiness consists of stealing shirts off a line of washing every Monday morning, selling them and getting drunk on the proceeds? Or to persons who tell lies and are not kind to dumb animals? Maybe what such folks need is a good lesson. But I will take a chance with readers of this department, and indeed of this entire publication, and with the majority of the human race. It is probably better to have too many good wishes lying around than too few.

The airplane's old trails

I WAS looking at some maps showing airline routes west of the Missouri River (a person has a

right to look at maps without being accused of wanting to go on a vacation which isn't yet due, hasn't he?) and noticed something familiar in the bold, straight lines. Airline routes don't have to follow railway lines but they often do so because they connect the cities which the railway lines connect. The railway lines didn't have to follow the old trails of the pioneers—to Santa Fe by the Arkansas, to California and Oregon by way of Salt Lake or the Platte Valley or both, to Colorado by the Smoky Hill Fork—but they often did. The old trails didn't have to follow the Indian paths or the broad highways trampled by the grazing buffalo—but they often did.

So it happens that where the buffalo and the Indian went there is still a visible trail on the ground



and an invisible one in the air; we are as free as birds (though we need gasoline and they apparently don't) but history still binds us. I am glad it does. Next time I fly westward (on some legitimate errand, for I am a hard-working man) I shall see the white-topped wagons below me, and nobody can talk me out of it.

The decline of the mule

IN 1920, Missouri was home to 389,045 mules. By 1950 the number had dropped to 63,223. It may be smaller now and almost certainly will be smaller still in 1960. The gasoline engine continues its deadly work; it is better for many purposes on the farm and it has crowded the mule out of the Army. That epoch in our history which began when traders brought mules eastward

over the Santa Fe Trail from the northern provinces of Mexico approaches its close.

But the mule, though we often laugh at him, can hold up his head and utter a reproachful bray when he considers his history. Without him the course of empire might still have moved westward from the Missouri River, but not so fast as it did. Without him the land of cotton would have been poorer. Without him our wars would have cost more human sweat and our soldiers would have gone hungry more often than they did. The mule is not a perfect household pet. It is difficult to love him. But maybe he has earned a monument or two.

The weather in 1952

AT ABOUT this time I always like to make my annual weather prediction. This year's is about the same as last year's. There will be a great deal of weather and much complaint about it—some of it (the complaint, I mean) justified. The climate is changing, for better or worse, according to how you look at it.

In general, in the northern parts of the United States, it will be warmer indoors during January, February and March, assuming that the furnace works as it should, than it will be outdoors.

The castor bean and us

I LEARN from a magazine called *Chemical Week* that the castor bean, which used to be imported from Latin America, is now being grown successfully in this country. In 1951 this succulent legume was harvested from 56,000 acres in Texas and Oklahoma and this year the Department of Agriculture hopes for 200,000 acres. Of course castor oil is no longer produced solely to make trouble for little boys and girls; it is an excellent lubricant for other delicate machinery and is probably used for making (because what isn't) plastics.

What impresses me about the situation, however, is not the new uses but the old use. Castor oil makes one shudder because it doesn't taste good. Like some other medicines (cod liver oil, for instance) its unpalatability was once deemed a virtue. Now the point of view has changed and even the severest physicians concede that there is enough trouble in real life without inventing trouble in the form of medicines. We take our castor oil, our cod liver oil and our assortment of vitamins in capsules



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—and never taste them. There are probably boys and girls today who could honestly ask their parents: "What's funny about castor oil?"

Against cosmic rays

THE MORE I read about cosmic rays the more upset I get. The physicists are now saying that some of these rays are quite substantial, containing not only hydrogen, which I don't mind, but metals and things. I am getting so I hardly dare go outdoors, but since cosmic rays aren't hindered by even a pretty good roof I don't feel safe indoors, either. I think the scientists have gone too far.



An answer to Karl Marx

ONE OF our not altogether obscure mail order houses celebrated the holiday season with a 402-page catalog listing nearly 30,000 items. The toy section alone required 71 pages. It has been suggested that we drop some mail order catalogs on Russia and other Communist countries. I am not in favor of doing this, for a mail order catalog dropped from a mile or two up might be as fatal, for the person on whose head it fell, as an atomic bomb. But, pound for pound, I would say that I would be willing to match the works of the corporations selling goods by mail with those of Karl Marx and others selling Utopia by mail. (And sometimes I wonder if "Das Kapital" would ever have been written if Dr. Marx had been able to order a good, modern safety razor and a dozen blades, at a bargain price, from a concern in Chicago.)

The truth about birds

PROF. ARTHUR A. ALLEN of Cornell University, who shoots birds with a camera instead of a gun, reports an interesting fact to the National Geographical Society. He used a shelter or blind in taking pictures, but whenever he entered the blind the birds he wished to photograph flew away. He then tried taking a friend with him into the blind, and after an interval having the friend walk away. The birds would thereupon decide the

blind was empty and would return to their nests and get their pictures taken.

Dr. Allen believes this shows birds can't count.

Another theory would be that they can count all right but can't remember what the total was. To me the truth seems about as follows: 1, birds don't trust people who don't carry cameras; 2, birds are as vain as other creatures but don't like to admit it—hence they fly off when one man with a camera approaches; 3, birds really like to have their pictures taken and when they have gone through a certain number of monkeyshines to prove the contrary they sit down and look fatuous, showing, if possible, what they consider their best profile, just as the rest of us do; 4, if you took a picture of a bird and exhibited it in a drugstore window that bird would be down there admiring it and pretending not to, just like everybody else under the same circumstances.



Anything for a change

I WISH I could be as pleased with violent changes in the weather as I used to be. Time was when the first snow set my little heart beating with joy. This wasn't merely because I could slide on the snow, if there were enough of it, or make it into snowballs and let them freeze overnight and throw them at my little friends. It was because I loved the excitement of change. The same went for a big January thaw and for the real thaw at the end of March or early in April that sometimes carried out a bridge or two and made it impossible to get to school.

But now I greet change suspiciously, even when it is merely a change of weather. However, the way I feel about it does not figure in the outcome. We go right on having a lot of weather in my neck of the woods, just as we always did, and when a day comes along that I consider climatically perfect I am not permitted to put it in the ice-box and keep it—it departs, just as days always have done. I am looking forward to my second childhood—perhaps I can get the old thrill back.



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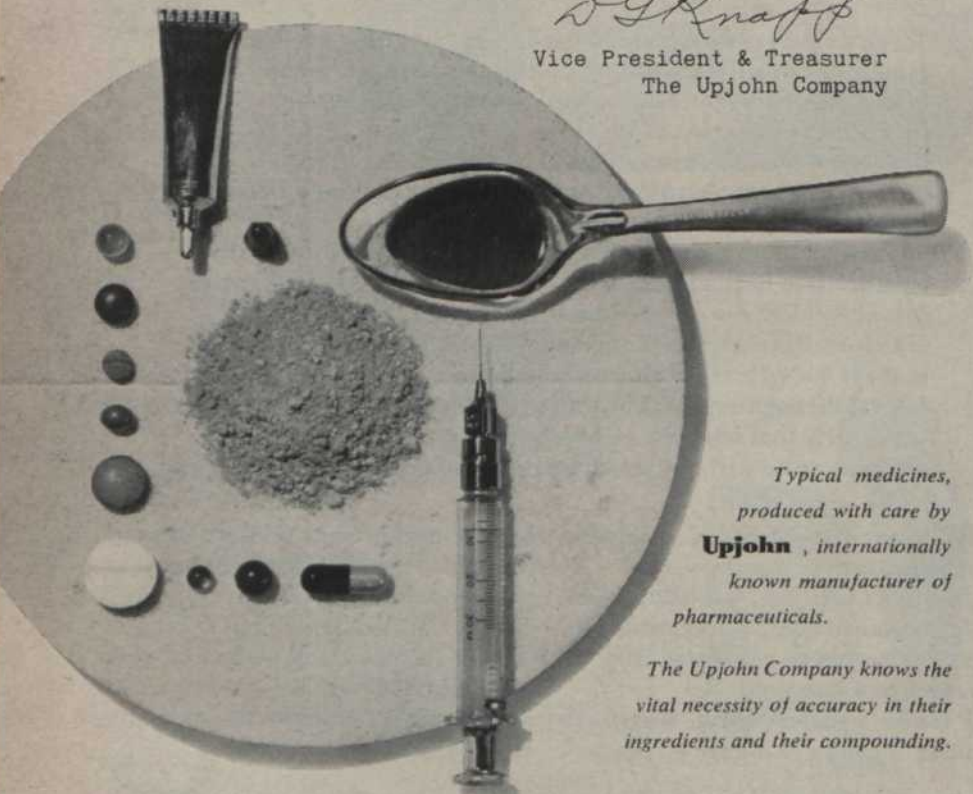
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The State of the Nation



Felix Morley

THERE are two types of people, broadly speaking, who do not bother to keep a household budget. Those with substantial incomes are able to assume that they can cover their obligations. Those who are naturally carefree incline to the belief that somebody else will pay up for them. To-

day the first group is much smaller, the second probably larger, than used to be the case.

In this matter of balancing anticipated revenues and expenditures, governments correspond closely to people. Until 30 years ago the United States was so fortunately situated that it really did not need a budgetary system. Prior to the passage of the Budget and Accounting Act, in 1921, every department reported its needs to Congress separately and the necessary appropriations were approved almost haphazardly by many different congressional committees.

This casual financial procedure was tolerable only because the bureaucracy was small and its expenditure relatively trifling, while revenue, even before the imposition of the income tax, was more than enough for all governmental needs. When James Bryce in 1897 issued the third edition of his famous book on "The American Commonwealth," he was able to point out that for 28 successive years the Treasury had then been

operating in the black. "America," Bryce wrote, "is the only country in the world whose difficulty is not to raise money but to spend it."



All will agree that this difficulty, at least, has been handsomely surmounted. And a part of the change from cheap to expensive government has been the development of an efficient Bureau of the Budget, of a separate and supervisory General Accounting Office, and of a complete reform of congressional method in handling appropriations. From the viewpoint of systematized procedure there is now little room for criticism, either of the manner in which the estimates of federal expenditure are prepared, or of the arrangements for scrutiny and appropriation by Congress.

Three centuries ago King Charles I was beheaded for refusing to cede the "power of the purse" to Parliament. Ever since then the English-speaking people have insisted that those who spend the public funds must beforehand submit detailed estimates to the legislature and must further obtain its approval for all measures raising revenue. The first Article of the Constitution emphasizes this principle in half a dozen specific provisions, such as the one saying: "No money shall be drawn from the Treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law." The Budget and Accounting Act of 1921 has served happily to emphasize both the presidential responsibility in preparing a national budget and the congress-

TRENDS



OF NATION'S BUSINESS

sional responsibility in scrutinizing it. Nevertheless, our legislature is losing that "power of the purse" which for three centuries has stood, in Great Britain and the United States, as a bulwark protecting individual liberty against the development of executive tyranny.

In two major respects the congressional control over appropriations is in fact being whittled away, even though the budget system was planned to

strengthen it. One reason is the secrecy—justifiable or not—that surrounds the defense appropriations, which now account for at least 80 per cent of all the enormous federal expenditure.

The Atomic Energy Commission is a case in point. It is currently spending public funds at the rate of more than \$3,000,000 a day. There is, unquestionably, enormous waste and extravagance in this operation. But security regulations effectively block economies that would be demanded in the case of agencies that can and must lay their cards on the table.

The well named "General Services Administration" is another agency that is now spending at the rate of more than \$1,000,000,000 a year, up nearly 100 per cent from a year ago. Yet it submits reluctantly, and at best partially, to congressional analysis. Still a third illustration is the Mutual Defense Assistance Program, also largely hush-hush and even more costly than AEC. These three agencies alone, all of them apart from and additional to the direct Defense Department costs, are now spending as much as did the entire United States Government when the budget system was installed.

The second factor, combining with alleged security considerations to undermine congressional economy efforts, is monetary instability. When the value of the dollar is tending to decline, the problem of projecting future expenditures in terms of dollars is doubly difficult. That is true alike for a household and a governmental budget, though the Bureau of the Budget in Washington has one great advantage over the harassed housewife. Relying on the taxing power, it can ask for more dollars than are currently needed; on the gloomy assumption that each dollar when spent will buy less than when earmarked for spending. From wife to husband, that is not a happy argument.

This tendency of the Budget Bureau to overstate costs, which would be huge enough without

exaggeration, was well illustrated during the fiscal year that ended last June 30. Although there had been many official warnings of a probable deficit, more plausible because of the Korean War, the Treasury actually closed fiscal '51 with a budget surplus of more than \$3,500,000,000. Consequently, more than a little skepticism was apparent in Congress when President Truman last January anticipated a deficit of \$16,500,000,000 for fiscal '52, and asked taxes to bring in \$10,000,000,000 more on the strength of this Budget Bureau forecast. Higher taxes were levied, but only about half of what the President requested. Prices have risen, but evidently far less than the Administration expected. While some deficit for the current fiscal year is highly probable it is almost certain to be far less than was at first proclaimed.

Another January has now rolled round and another budget, with its accompanying presidential message, is now about to be submitted to Congress. It will be enormous and it will not be well received. In addition to the sharp criticism normal to any election year, there is now the pinch of truly staggering taxation; the evidence of gross governmental extravagance and, most biting of all, the revelations of widespread corruption especially in that very agency—the Internal Revenue Bureau—that presses so ruthlessly on honest citizens.

For none of these causes of public indignation, however, can the Bureau of the Budget properly be held responsible. The one criticism of its operations that seems valid is the propensity to overestimate expenditures and underestimate revenue. This is not wholly the fault of the Bureau, for both the Office of Defense Mobilization and the Defense Department have supplied it with figures that proved to be based on exaggerations of actual defense production. And there is the further consideration that the budgeting process should in principle be liberal in forecasting outlay, conservative in anticipating income. For a government, as for an individual, it is much better to be surprised by a surplus than by a deficit.

The federal budget system, as it operates today, will therefore stand up successfully under critical examination. Not so the budget situation. There is scarcely a possibility that the new session of Congress will apply any more taxes, whether on income or consumption. There is every probability that the President will demand even higher appropriations for the Administration's over-extended foreign policy. The impasse is one that can only be removed by making the nature and plan of that policy more clear. Mr. Truman's opportunity to do this is in his Message on the State of the Nation, which properly precedes the request for funds to implement his program.

—FELIX MORLEY

Washington Scenes



Edward T. Folliard

THIS characteristic of Americans to think of politics in terms of the sports world. Thus, a presidential election is a "race," an unlooked-for result an "upset," the opening of a campaign a "kick-off," and so on.

The atmosphere along the Potomac now, as Congress returns, is remarkably like that before a big game.

There is an excitement in the air, a lively sense of expectation. It is 1952, and a fateful contest is coming up, one for the highest stakes. These political warriors moving into the congressional arena will have much to say about the unfolding battle, here and in Chicago and in the 48 states. A few—Taft, Kefauver and some others—hope to carry the ball and wind up as heroes.

The emphasis on politics, and especially on the presidential election, would not be nearly so great except for the striking change that has come over Washington in the past year.

The nervous anxiety of early 1951 is gone, and so is most of the fear and awe of Russia. This happier situation has been brought about by three things—success on the battlefield, the build-up of our armed forces, and the fact that Joe Stalin has let another year go by without turning loose his Red Army.

A year ago, as the Eighty-second Congress was convening for its first session, the Chinese Communists were driving southward in Korea in a spectacular but costly offensive. The Americans and their allies were falling back all along the line, preparing to give up Seoul, Inchon and other hard-won points. It was a somber New Year for our lawmakers and for all Americans.

Senator Taft, alarmed by the situation, said that he favored pulling U. S. troops out of Korea and setting up a new Pacific defense line based on Formosa and Japan. His proposal, seemingly, was popular. Dr. George Gallup, after sampling public opinion, reported that 66 per cent of those questioned favored a withdrawal.

Taft also was disturbed by the implications of another situation. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower was about to leave for Europe and take over command of the Atlantic Treaty army. A "great debate" was under way here at home, and at its heart was this question: "How many divisions ought the United States send to Ike?"

Taft was concerned lest the creation of a big

international army provoke Russia into a drive across Europe. He said he doubted that Russia "would stand still" while the international army was being formed. A good many of his countrymen felt the same way.

Well, a year has passed, and the Red Army still hasn't moved. The feeling here and at Ike's headquarters abroad is that Stalin will continue to steer clear of a big war. Nobody, however, presumes to be psychic about the matter. In the view of some well posted officials Stalin himself may not know the answer—he and his lieutenants may be trying even now to decide what to do about the build-up in the West.

So, although the tension of a year ago is absent, Congress comes back to deal with a world situation that continues to call for heavy insurance.

What lies ahead in the legislative field?

Congress certainly will vote for whatever is needed to carry forward the strengthening of our armed forces. There may be quarrels with the Pentagon—cuts here and there, perhaps a boost for the Air Force—but there will be no change in direction until Russia herself changes direction.

Economic aid to our allies probably will kick up another bitter controversy. Britain, France and others, having imposed rearmament upon reconstruction, say that their economic strength is not equal to the strain. They feel that they must have greater support from the United States or cut back on their rearmament.

There is one new element in the picture—Churchill's victory in the English election. This was extremely popular on Capitol Hill. It could mean that senators and representatives who heretofore have resented the use of American funds to "strengthen socialism" in England, will see things differently now that the Tories are in power. However, that must be put down at this stage as speculation.

The tax question could precipitate the greatest storm of the session; it could, that is, if it reaches the House and Senate floors at all. As matters stand, there is a profound distaste among the members for a



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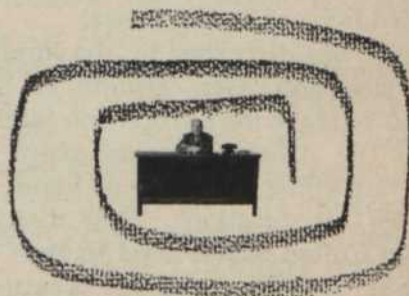
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further increase in taxes. It is so profound, in fact, that there is a serious doubt that a new tax bill could even get out of committee.

A big war, of course, could change the whole picture.

Since General Eisenhower, besides being commander of the NATO forces is being boomed for the Presidency, it might be fruitful to explore further this question of war, and the reasoning of those who say that Russia does not

want war—right now, at any rate.

John G. Norris, a military writer for the *Washington Post*, interviewed officers in the Pentagon and then he flew the Atlantic to interview officers on Ike's staff at Marly, outside Paris. Why, he wanted to know, didn't the Russians move now? Why wait when Ike's army is growing stronger all the time?

These were the answers he got:

1. No one would deliberately start a major war unless pretty certain that he could win quickly and without great cost. The Kremlin knows that it would have to pay a price to drive across Europe, even though Ike now has only about 20 divisions. It knows also that its troubles then would be just beginning.

2. The Russians fear the destruction that the United States Strategic Air Force might deal them with the A-bomb.

3. They know what a vital factor America's great industrial potential can be in war.

4. And they may well feel that time is on their side, either in the long run without war, or because they feel that they must wait until a crippling surprise attack on American industrial centers is possible. Now they almost certainly don't have atomic weapons in a quantity to do this and make it stick.

So much for the reasoning of our military men; at least those to whom Reporter Norris talked. It is accompanied by a reminder that it is reasoning based on logic, American brand, and that the Russian brand could be altogether different.

There are two dominant thoughts behind the West's arms-expansion program. One is summed up in the remark of Gen. George C. Marshall that the only way to win the next war is to prevent it. The other has to do with the persuasive character of armed might. The hope is that the Russians, in time, will decide once and for all that they have more to lose than gain by going to war.

Getting back to the Washington scene, one of

the most extraordinary things about it is the widespread consciousness of General Eisenhower. There has never been anything like it hereabouts. His name is heard wherever important affairs are discussed, in the Metropolitan Club, the Cosmos Club and the National Press Club. It also pops up on Capitol Hill.

Ike is 3,000 miles away, but in the days ahead it will be almost impossible to look down into the Senate chamber without thinking about him.

Broadly speaking, the Republican side of the Senate is divided into Eisenhower men and Taft men. It would be dangerous to be too specific in saying why they are thus divided. But speaking broadly again, the Eisenhower men favor the General for the Republican presidential nomination for two reasons—because they like his foreign-policy views better than they like Taft's, and because they think he has a better chance to win than Taft has.

Ike also figures in a division on the Democratic side of the Senate chamber, the line-up here being Eisenhower men versus Truman men. The Eisenhower Democrats are, for the most part, Southerners. Foreign policy has little to do with their enthusiasm for the famous soldier, since most of them go along with the Administration on that issue. They want Ike as the Democratic standard bearer primarily because they have no use for President Truman, and because they think that Ike somehow would be more reasonable on the question of civil rights and more conservative generally on other domestic issues.

All this doesn't mean that Ike is without his critics. However, such criticism as is heard—about the danger of putting a military man in the White House—is similar to that which has come from Ike's own pen.

It will be four years this month that Ike removed himself "completely" from the 1948 political scene. He did it in a letter to Leonard V. Finder, publisher of the *Manchester (N. H.) Union Leader*. And since the letter will be widely quoted in the year ahead, his words are worth recalling:

"It is my conviction that the necessary and wise subordination of the military to the civil power will be best sustained, and our people will have greater confidence that it is so sustained, when lifelong professional soldiers, in the absence of some obvious and overriding reason, abstain from seeking high political office. . . ."

General Eisenhower spent ten days on that letter, so that there could be no possible misunderstanding of what he meant. His supporters think there is a loophole in it—the phrase "obvious and overriding reason." The obvious and overriding reason why Ike should aim for the White House, they argue, could be that a majority of his countrymen seem to want him there.

—EDWARD T. FOLLIARD



A thriving one-man business... or just "furnishings and fixtures"?

If you're going it alone in business, here's a fact you ought to know.

Four out of five one-man businesses never survive the critical period following an owner's death.

The reason is that trade falls off while new hands are taking hold. Taxes and business expenses keep right on. Often, simply for lack of money during this period, a thriving business turns into "furnishings and fixtures" ready for the auctioneer.

Because of this danger, every owner of a one-man business needs to set up a fund of ready cash to make sure his business will survive him. And the best way to do that is through Life insurance.

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be money to pay wages, money for rent, money for taxes—even though you're no longer on hand to earn it.

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2. Do you have the idea an old, heavy-walled safe will guard your records from fire? It's a dangerous idea. Old safes without an Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. "A" Label often act as incinerators when the temperature gets above 350° F. They *cremate* records.



3. Do you have the idea a fireproof building is a sure-fire protection? Just ask a fireman. You'll find that buildings like this only *wall-in* an office fire. They actually make it *hotter*!



4. Do you have the idea your fire insurance would cover all your losses? Take a good look at your policies or ask your insurance broker or C.P.A. You'll find you have to prepare a proof-of-loss statement before you can collect fully. Could you do it—without inventory records?

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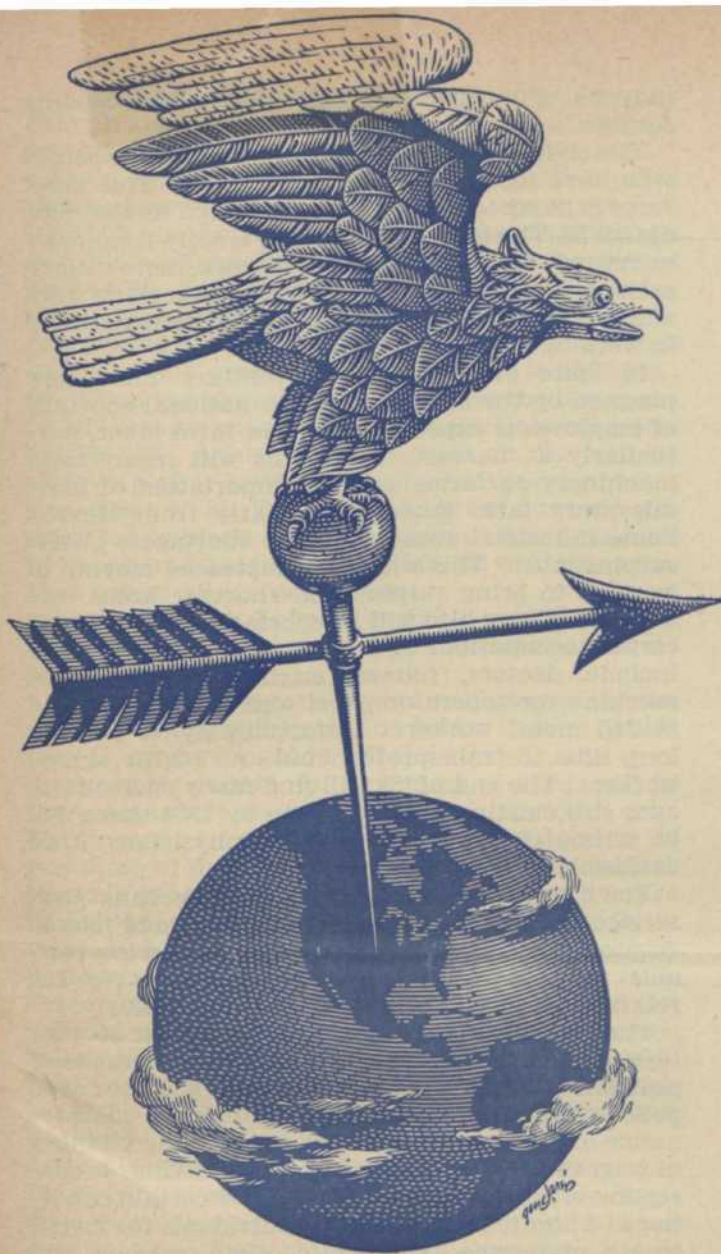
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A LOOK or TWO at '52

By VERGIL D. REED

*Associate Research Director
J. Walter Thompson Company*

**WHAT one expert prescribes
to get a man through the next
year at less expense and worry**

QUEER AND unexpected things happened in 1951. This caused some bad judgments by consumers and businessmen, and scared them both into, rather than out of, half a year's growth—followed by headaches that aren't over yet. Their mistakes were expensive. Their headaches turned a lot of grab-in-a-hurry optimists into pessimists and hypochondriacs.

Fortunately, there is a simple cure for both the headache and the pessimism. You merely mix equal parts of common horse sense and some simple facts readily obtainable from trade associations, newspapers and business magazines. Take this mixture regularly as a tonic and as a safeguard to your economic welfare.

The beginning of the New Year is the proverbial time to get rid of headaches and take a fresh look at the future. So, here are many of the facts for mixing your prescription. Just keep them fresh during the year. Not nearly so many "queer" things will

happen in '52 if you know why they may happen and guide your decisions accordingly.

Let's take a look or two at what we can expect in '52.

Our business experience has included what we might call a peace climate and a war climate. We have learned pretty well how to get along in either. But, for perhaps many years we'll be living in an entirely new peace-war climate. Understanding this will save money and worry for consumers, retailers, farmers and manufacturers. Just ask the consumers who got needlessly panicked into scare buying at high prices in '50. Ask the retailers and manufacturers who haven't yet recovered from their overpriced inventory headaches. Such costly mistakes were made because people just assumed the same things would happen that happened during World War II—and that all goods would be in short supply.

Consumers started a mad scramble after June 25, 1950, "to get theirs" before the shortages. Prices zoomed. Retailers placed orders for the same goods with three or four manufacturers "to get theirs," then canceled one or two of the orders after receiving shipment from the suppliers who delivered first. Manufacturers rushed "to get theirs" only to find that sometimes half their orders were canceled because competitors delivered first.

With prices going up merrily, labor leaders rushed "to get theirs" in the form of higher wages. Result: all of them "got theirs" in the neck. What they got was poor values, big overpriced inventories, more inflation, increased debts and disillusion: Another run on America's economic bank had failed. There were no shortages.

Don't base your buying or other decisions in '52 on scarcity of consumer goods. If you do you will be twice burned. Real scarcities are just not in the cards. Any shortages that develop will be limited to

so few goods and for such a short time that they are not worth the gamble.

While as much as 45 per cent of our total national production went to military use in World War II, only about ten per cent went to the military in 1951. Not more than 18 per cent of our '52 output will be military and, without all-out war, it probably will not exceed 20 per cent during any year of rearmament. Besides, our productive capacity is far greater than in World War II and is increasing rapidly. The consumer will get a far bigger slice of a much bigger pie. Failure to realize this caused most of the bad consumer and business decisions in '50 and '51. This new peace-war climate is really different.

The only thing that will bring real shortages is more scare buying. For that you will pay with higher prices and more inflation, because inflation

playable or incapable of work but who are looking for jobs.

The civilian labor force is made up of those people who have jobs or are looking for jobs. This labor force is likely to reach an all-time high by the middle of '52. The increase will come largely from older or retired workers going back to work, more women seeking jobs and some younger people seeking work who would normally be in school or not interested in working.

In spite of the 4,000,000 military force now planned by the middle of '52, no national shortage of employees is expected except in farm labor, particularly at harvest time. This will mean more machinery on farms and the importation of more migratory farm labor, particularly from Mexico. Some industrial areas will have shortages; others surplus labor. This will mean increased moving of workers to bring surplus and shortage areas into balance. There also will be shortages of workers in certain occupations and skills. The worst of these include doctors, nurses, engineers, machinists, machine tool operators, tool and die makers and skilled metal workers. Unfortunately, it takes a long time to train professional and highly skilled workers. The end of '52 will find many such shortages still existing. In fact, even by 1954 there will be estimated shortages of 22,000 physicians, 9,000 dentists and 49,000 nurses.

You'll have increasing difficulty in getting good service and finding someone to do those odd jobs as '52 progresses. Utilizing inexperienced and less capable workers will bring added problems to the retailer and service establishments particularly.

The so-called wage and salary freeze of 1951 turned out to be a mild frost and a hard freeze isn't probable in '52. The Government's announced policies for wage stabilization include: 1. maintenance of "real wage" rates by authorizing changes in wages related to changes in cost of living. 2. correction of interplant inequities under certain conditions. 3. limited increases for individuals for merit, length of service and certain other reasons; and 4. increased wages as necessary to draw workers into defense industry when other means prove insufficient.

Wage rates will continue upward in '52, more slowly in the second half than during the first. Tight labor supply, labor turnover, "flexibility" of controls, union strategy and some price rises will be the reasons. Fringe benefits such as paid vacations, health insurance, overtime and shift differentials to more employees also will increase labor costs to employers and total pay to employees.

Total personal income and disposable income (income after taxes) will continue upward, the latter in spite of last November's tax increases. Personal income exceeded an annual rate of \$250,000,000,000 in the latter half of '51. It will probably exceed \$260,000,000,000 in '52.

By the end of '52 we will have an industrial productive capacity almost 90 per cent greater than in 1939. By the end of '53 it will be 25 per cent greater than in 1950. We have expanded so rapidly that the problem is getting enough output of basic materials from farm and mine to satisfy our factories' expanding appetite. This is the major reason for our financial and technical assistance to underdeveloped areas of the world which could supply us with basic materials—if developed. Our own developments in expanding the output of such materials as steel, aluminum, electric power, petroleum refining and chemicals already are giving some addi-



JOB S will be chasing people madly; employment may reach 63,000,000 by harvest season. Wage rates will continue upward. By year-end industrial productive capacity will be almost 90 per cent greater than in 1939; the rise will continue through '53



comes from the *fear* of shortages as well as from *actual* shortages. Since inflation is merely more dollars chasing the same amount, or a smaller amount, of goods, we will have some more of it without adding the fuel of scare buying to the fire of more dollars.

Even if we turn out as many consumer goods as we are producing now there will be some more inflation because: more people will be employed at higher wages and more overtime in '52; the Government will go farther into debt; more money will be in circulation to bid for this same amount of goods in spite of higher taxes and savings at their present rate.

Anything we can do to increase the total output of consumer goods and the output per man-hour, without interfering with the production of military goods, will reduce inflation—that heaviest of all taxes on our standard of living.

In '52, jobs will be chasing people madly, and a lot of moving will be involved to get the two together. The number employed probably will exceed 62,000,000 in the first half of '52 and will be more than 63,000,000 in the second half, at the peak of the harvest season. The number of unemployed will be low during the entire year and may sink to 1,200,000 in the second half. Ordinarily, even in good times, an unemployment of 3,000,000 is needed to cover normal moves from one job to another, shifts from area to area, and people who are unem-

tional deliveries. Other developments are far enough along to assure considerable relief in shortages of many basic materials by mid-1952.

Total national production for the first half of '52 will be approximately four per cent above the first half of '51 in terms of total goods rather than dollars and will continue upward slowly during the second half of '52. In dollars the rise will be even greater. Using 1951 prices as a base, our national production should reach an annual rate of \$340,000,000,000 in the second quarter of '52 compared to \$326,000,000,000 in the second quarter of '51. In the last quarter of '52 this annual rate should reach almost \$350,000,000,000. Actual dollar figures in '52 will be slightly higher by the amount of advance in prices over those of '51. The military part of our output is expected to reach an annual rate of \$62,000,000,000 in the second quarter of '52, and will rise little after that unless all-out war comes.

Our '52 production rates in actual goods, and even more in dollars, will top the all-time peaks set during World War II.

Since productive capacity is much greater and the military share will be so far below that in World War II, consumer goods will be more plentiful than most people expect. In fact most of them will be more abundant than ever before. The only consumer goods shortages which might develop in '52 are those of durable goods made largely of metals. Durable goods are roughly those having an average life of three years or longer. There are still fairly large inventories of many of these and limitations on several of the metals can be relaxed after mid-year. The production of practically all such goods will be continued but at temporarily decreased rates. Many consumers bought ahead in the post-Korean spree and will not be in the market this year. The only chance of real shortages lies in scare buying.

Durable goods make up only about ten per cent to 12 per cent of our total consumer expenditures anyway. Scare buying ran this proportion up to 15 per cent in 1950. Even if their production were cut in half for a single year—and it will not be—the effect on our standard of living would be negligible.

There will, of course, be no rationing.

The farmer's lot will be an enviable one in '52 except that both the armed forces and industry will cut into his labor supply. This means more labor-saving machinery on crops where machines can be used, and good sales possibilities for the farm equipment manufacturer and dealer. Tractors, engines and trucks on farms already represent a total horsepower almost twice that in our factories.

This year the farmer can sell all he can produce of almost anything. For many of his crops he is protected by price floors with no probable price ceilings. His export market will be excellent, his domestic market fabulous.

Crop acreage will be increased. Farm income probably will exceed \$20,000,000,000 (\$18,000,000,000 in 1951—a prize year). Cash receipts should run about 20 per cent above 1951. Savings are high and mortgage debt is below that in 1940. The farmer has about \$1.60 in liquid assets for every \$1 he owes compared to 50 cents for every \$1 he owed at the beginning of World War II.

The period of fairly stable prices and cost of living that began late last winter and lingered through '51 should convey no false assurance that prices and the cost of living will not go higher in '52.

During the first quarter of this year consumer purchasing gradually will become more active. The

remainder of last year's sticky inventories will be cleared out. Defense production will expand rapidly with added employment and incomes. Some wages will increase. Money in circulation will increase. The pessimists and the hypochondriacs will feel better. The pains and groans associated with March 15 will have died down. Spring will give new hope—and during the second quarter prices will start up again. This rise will not be rapid or great, unless scare buying recurs, but probably will continue slowly during the remainder of the year. It will be a sluggish rise, not a bounce.

Rents may be increased as much as 20 per cent over those of June 30, 1947, in critical defense areas, under new laws, on evidence of increased costs, with rises granted since that date subtracted from the 20 per cent. Outside of these critical areas, raises will be smaller, fewer, and hard to get. Federal rent controls can be re-established in uncontrolled areas by action of state legislatures or local governments.

Total consumer expenditures for goods and services probably will reach an annual rate of \$215,000,000,000 in the first quarter of '52 and \$217,000,000,000 in the second quarter compared to \$208,000,000,000 and \$202,000,000,000 respectively for the same quarters in '51. In the last quarter of '52 this annual rate will approach \$220,000,000,000. Of these amounts approximately 32 per cent will be spent for services (barber, beauty parlor, doctor, movies, repairs, etc.).

While the production of consumer durable goods falls slightly and temporarily during the first half of '52, stocks of durable goods all down the line will decline. This will be sparked partly by the relaxation of credit terms in the latter half of '51. Inventory growth of other goods will drop off sharply with supplies plentiful throughout the year.

Retailers can be more optimistic about their sales volume than their profits. This will be a good sales year, but with profits squeezed between increased costs and frozen margins.

In spite of present mild restrictions, credit will be easy and interest rates remain low through the year—in fact, too easy and too low to keep inflation at a minimum. When Congress loosened up consumer credit restrictions (Regula- (Continued on page 60)



STRAIGHT thinking is especially necessary for consumers—and we are all consumers. In that role we can knock the whole economy completely haywire with another foolish buying splurge. But, if we control ourselves, our standard of living will continue to rise indefinitely, with plenty for everyone





HANK MARINO, generally regarded as the most consistent high-score bowler of all time, needed a strike to win a preliminary match. Confidently he hefted his especially made 16-pound ball, sighted down the alley, and let fly. Then, his expression changed to one of surprised incredulity. For George, the bowling alley's pet cat, chose that fateful moment for a stroll across the drive.

Fascinated, Hank and the spectators watched the ball pick George off his feet, curl him around in a writhing circle, and sweep him into the pins. What the ball didn't do, George did. By the time the outraged cat scrambled to his feet and disappeared, not a pin was left standing.

George is the only cat on record to score a strike but approximately 20,000,000 Americans—men and women, boys and girls, from three years through 90—bowl frequently, and with an earnestness that has raised the game of tenpins from its original status as an evasion of New York blue laws to the top of participant contestant sports.

Bowling probably has more impressive statistics and more fractional official measurements than any other sport. When the National Industrial Conference Board took a look at employee recreational activities reflected in the programs of 264 leading companies, it discovered that 93.6 per cent of all the companies had bowling teams. Softball, golf and basketball were two, three and four after bowling in popularity among industrial populations.

Dollarwise, bowling represents probably \$500,000,000 in facilities for play, investment in buildings and real estate, and the plants and equipment of manufacturers and suppliers. The national take in bowling establishments is estimated at \$250,000,000 yearly. This figure represents income from bowling games booked and marginal revenue from cocktail lounges, restaurants, billiard facilities, equipment rental franchises and other sources often operated in conjunction with the bowling centers. The income from bowling is estimated between \$135,000,000 and \$140,000,000.

While there are 70,000 bowling lanes in the United States, approximately 10,000 are in clubs, YMCA's, churches, schools and in-

We Owe It to the Dutch

By KEN JONES

BOWLING is almost as old as the country, but the modern game didn't get its start until gamblers fouled up the original sport

dustrial plants, where commercial figures would not apply.

Bowling, as an industrial sport, began to take hold when industrialists facing World War I's all-out production challenge turned attention to creating leisure-time programs for employees. Many manufacturers, especially in the Middle West, began by sponsoring sports programs, often on a semi-professional basis. Semi-pro baseball teams toured the country representing various companies, but the workers did little more than watch.

Management soon learned that this was not the answer. A successful recreation program must be one in which all workers could participate. It learned, too, that it is best to let the workers organize and direct their own activity, management helping out, perhaps, by hiring a trained recreation worker to serve as executive secretary of the employees' association within the company. Usually management helped out with funds, but as the pattern crystallized—and as it has come to final flower today—the workers pay nominal dues in a majority of cases to support the program.

On this basis, bowling soon achieved undisputed leadership among employees. By World War II, the sport had been recognized as vital to industrial health. Bowling alleys in production areas operated on a 22-hour-a-day basis, and Chrysler sponsored 700 sanctioned bowling teams, Packard 300, Lockwood 234, Allis-Chalmers 225, Frigidaire (Dayton) 158, Westinghouse (Philadelphia) 172, North American Aviation 176, and Douglas Aircraft 140. These figures were representative of the national picture.

The independent establishment is the heart of the sport of bowling. Large population centers such as Chicago, New York, Detroit, Cleveland and Milwaukee have plush installations, and industrial participation in bowling today is the pattern followed by Chrysler in Detroit.

With 125,000 employees, of whom about 12 per cent are women, Chrysler sponsors 1,036 bowling teams. Management considered a plant installation and gave up the idea as impracticable. To accommodate its bowlers even the most elaborate installation would have



PHOTOS BY EDWARD U



to operate 24 hours a day in obvious conflict with normal plant hours, and as most bowlers would want to start at about 7 p.m. the problem presented seemed insoluble under one roof."

Instead, Chrysler employees bowl regularly throughout the week at 44 independent commercial establishments in Detroit. Each year the company runs its own tournament, and this year 435 men's teams and 118 women's teams competed. It required six week ends to stage the affair.

The industrial use of commercial bowling facilities (probably somewhat more than 5,000 firms have regularly organized teams) gives to bowling alley operation, as a business, an attractive factor of financial stability. Actually, the industrial leagues engage the most convenient time at nearby commercial alleys in advance, and on an agreement basis. This gives the alley operator a substantial measure of assured income in advance.

His principal operating expense is payment to pinboys, of whom there are about 100,000 nationally, working full or part time. Pinboys

show the incursions made on the sport both by economic conditions and purely sectional phenomena, and serve to reveal the role played by league bowling. In the New York area, for example, the summer of 1950 found "open time" business off from 50 to 60 per cent, but a simultaneous increase in "league time" of from ten to 40 per cent.

The establishment operators, banded together in a five-borough association as well as the New York State Bowling Proprietors' Association, found one general and several purely local factors responsible for the "open time" decrease. They credited a general tightening in the economic situation with channeling ready money into consumer durables at the expense of sport, but regarded this as reflecting only a small proportion of the business loss.

A jump of 300 per cent in real estate purchases in the New York area was regarded as having a principal impact; other contributing causes were described as baseball and race track attendance, golf and other outdoor attractions in good weather. The refusal of a

then instructed to roll large stones at the clubs, which represented sins. A club knocked down was a sin overcome; a club left standing was a sin still to be conquered. Inevitably, of course, the peasants challenged the priests to do a little "sin knocking" on their own. Bowling was on its way.

The Holland Dutch brought the game to Manhattan, and in 1732 John Chambers, Peter Bayard and Peter Jay leased a vacant space in front of Battery Park, New York, for 11 years at an annual rental of one peppercorn, as a "bowling green." The name still attaches to a small, grassy area at the lower end of Broadway. By 1840 bowling, in the form of ninepins, had become so popular that indoor alleys had been built, tournaments organized, and the gamblers of New York and Connecticut were accused of turning the game into a racket.

To circumvent this, laws were enacted prohibiting the game, and for two years only bootleg ninepin bowling was operative. Then, in 1842, some unnamed hero hit on the happy idea of adding a tenth pin, thus getting around the prohibition against ninepins, and the modern sport was born.

There are in the United States today four definite types of bowling, and it is probable that no other sport has such sharp sectional reflection. Of the nation's 20,000,000 bowlers between 80 and 90 per cent bowl against the "big" pins in the game of tenpins. This is the game sponsored in league play by the American Bowling Congress, with about 1,500,000 members; and the Women's International Bowling Congress, with about 500,000 members.

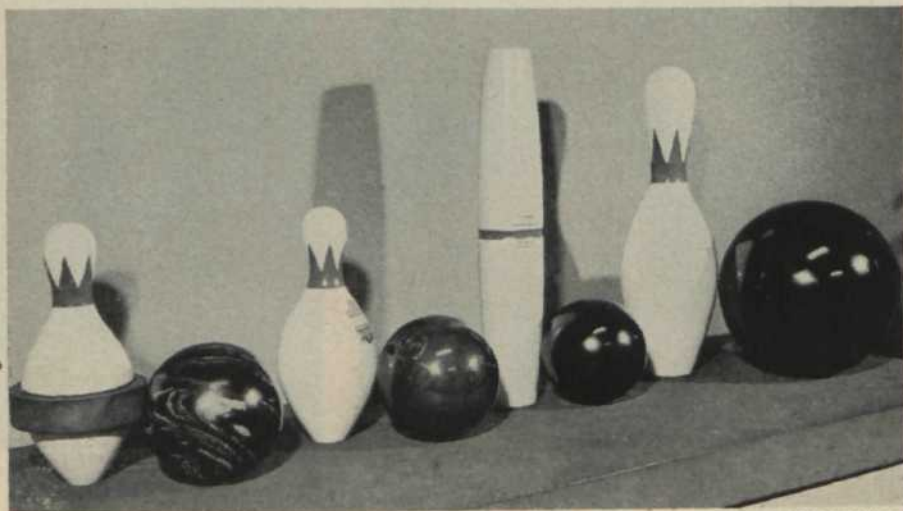
The game of duckpins, featuring ten smaller pins and the use of three small balls per frame, is popular in and around Washington, D. C., Baltimore and nearby areas along the eastern seaboard.

Rubberband duckpins—a variation in which a rubber band is shrunk into the pin around its greatest circumference—is limited in popularity largely to the Pittsburgh area.

Candlepins—a variation in which the pins are of a different shape, described as "ovoid"—is the popular game around Boston and in scattered areas of New England.

The alleys for the four games are basically the same. They are from 41 to 42 inches wide, and the over-all length is 62 feet, ten and one-eighth inches from foul line to pit edge. The pin spots are two and

(Continued on page 74)



CHICAGO PHOTOGRAPHERS

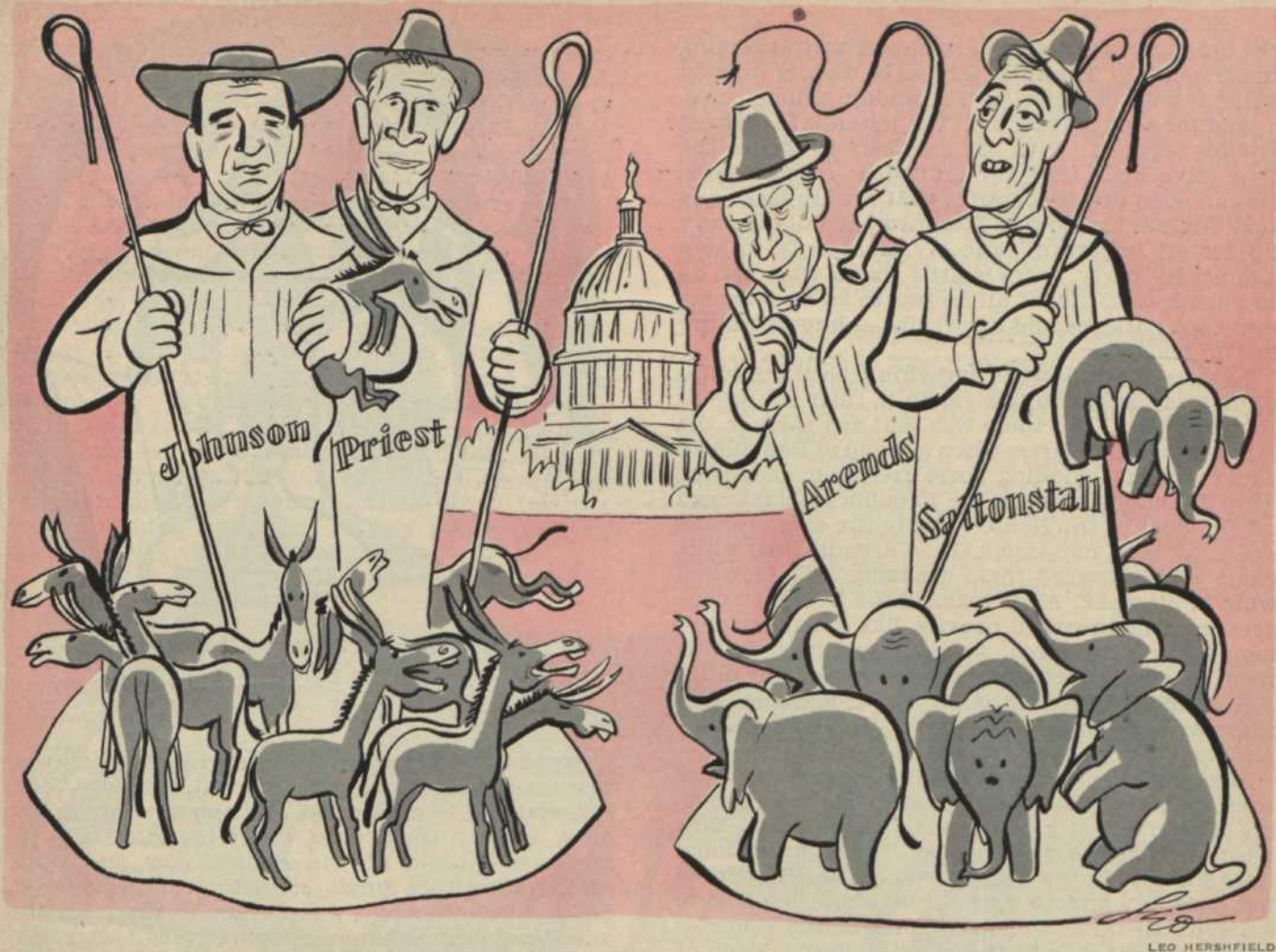
Four types of pins used in indoor bowling: From left to right, the rubberband duckpin, hard-bellied duckpin, candlepin and tenpin

receive from five to 12 cents per line, but as they are paid only when bowlers are performing, this major item of alley operating expense is bolted inexorably to income. Finally, alley revenue is almost wholly in cash, minimizing inventory investments and risks and virtually eliminating losses through receivables. Because of this situation, the profit potential of the alley operator lies largely in the effectiveness with which he is able to exploit the less negotiable "open time" during the day, late in the evening, and on week ends and holidays.

Business fluctuations clearly

major church group to endorse attendance of its minors at bowling establishments also was found to be of significance. But an over-all survey indicates no lessening of public interest in the sport.

According to written records, bowling started as a religious ceremony in continental Europe about 300 A.D. The peasants of the time customarily carried clubs for defense, even when visiting the priests for confession. It is recorded that the priests, in an effort to dramatize the religious verities, had the peasants stand their clubs in a corner. The peasants were



Shepherds of Capitol Hill

By ALFRED STEINBERG

NEXT TIME you visit the galleries of Congress keep a sharp lookout for four lean, noiseless gentlemen who cover the floor below like big league short-stops. They are what is known in legislative lingo as Party Whips. On the move, before and after hours, on and off the floor, back in the cloakroom, out in the corridor—they are always searching for that last lone vote that will pass a law or push it into oblivion.

On official records the four are evenly divided: a Democrat and a Republican in each house of Congress. You might know them personally as debonair Republican Rep. Leslie C. Arends of Illinois, grinning Democratic Rep. J. Percy Priest of Tennessee, aristocratic Sen. Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts and long-stepping Democratic Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas. But to their colleagues they are simply the Party Whips, or the four who help arrange the daily working schedules, dragoon members to the floor whenever their presence is needed and try to make them vote according to party policy.

That there actually is a great deal of order in the day-to-day congressional grind may come as a surprise to many people. Yet those who have been through the legislative mill know that whips play a key role in spelling the difference between a working democracy and a rubble of colliding ambitions.

FOUR men with strong legs are the real force behind Congress. They serve as the party whips

Whips in legislative annals go back to 1769. In that year a member was tossed out of the British Parliament and a fierce debate began to determine his successor. The vote was going to be close and tempers were already short when hawk-nosed, peppery Edmund Burke rose to his feet and snapped derisively, "The whippers-in have even gone to Paris to bring back their friends for this vote!"

Members gasped at his undignified analogy. A whipper-in was a huntsman whose job it was to keep the hounds from roaming and, if necessary, lash them back into line. By the time it recovered, Parliament liked the idea and retained it, shortening the title to a sinister-sounding "whip." Since then the name has spanned the Atlantic to the U. S. Capitol, where it has moved into the top-drawer level of congressional leaders.

As political figures, congressional whips are an odd lot. They tend to be men who shun bluster and

the limelight, yet are gregarious and outward-going in personality. They also tend to be slender in build without a bay window, jowl or waddle among them.

And for good reason, too. The job calls for almost endless legwork. With 531 members to watch, the four have little time for individual razzle-dazzle. But an even better reason is that a whip lacks any real disciplinary power. If a member fails to show up for an important vote or comes only to vote against his party, there is little that a whip can do to punish him. About all he has to go on is whatever tact, patience and knowledge of human nature he can muster.

As a result of this weak bargaining position, whips seldom can afford to talk rough to their charges or to use threats. But there was that day early in the last session of Congress when a group of Republican congressmen, including some freshmen members, were discussing a bill in the Republican cloakroom off the floor of the House. Slowly the door creaked open and lean, handsome Leslie Arends, their whip, came grimly toward them dragging a 12-foot bull whip in his wake. As he reached the freshmen congressmen, he breathed heavily, like Frankenstein's monster, and bellowed, "Is there any louse in this room who isn't sure how he will vote on this bill?"

A shudder raced through the cloakroom, and there was a moment of stunned silence among the freshmen before guffaws gave away the gag.

Whatever the guffaws Arends managed to arouse then, he knows that the whip operation is no laughing matter. It is a nerve-wracking and full-time business, if properly performed. The organizational lines show it. In the House, Democratic Whip Priest has a deputy and 15 zone whips whose job it is to know at all times what the pulse of the House is and to change it to fit their party's needs. Each of Priest's assistants is elected to his post by a regional vote of his fellow Democrats. As a reward for helping out, they can expect Priest to treat them to one free breakfast a year.



Priest's recipe for success: Take some Legree, Freud and Carnegie and splash

Arends, the Republican House whip, has an even more complicated organization, with a deputy, four regional and 15 area whips. He appoints his entire crew. Over in the Senate, where there are only 96 members instead of the House's 435, the whip organizations are small, consisting of Democratic Senator Johnson plus a secretary to the majority and Republican Senator Saltonstall plus a secretary to the minority. The secretaries are paid employees who spend most of their afternoons on the Senate floor acting as a second set of eyes for their whips. Often when the whips are weak, the secretaries have to shoulder the entire burden. With the exception of Priest who is appointed a whip by the House Majority Leader, the other three whips are elected to office by their fellow party members.

Let's take a whip through his paces. At the tail end of each week House Democratic Whip Priest sends around a whip notice to all Democratic members, a total of 235, telling them what next week's day-to-day legislative program will be. Not only does Priest help determine the schedule, along with the Speakers, Majority Leader and the rules committee, but he also has a voice in policy matters. This particular notice says that the bill to transfer certain naval vessels will be up Monday and the armed forces claims bill will be debated Tuesday. And next Thursday comes House Resolution 0000, which Priest reminds his fellow Democrats, in an asterisked footnote, is a "must" bill.

Party leaders have taken a stand on H.R. 0000. The question is whether they can get the Democratic majority to go along with them. This they leave to Priest to find out through a whip check, or a poll of members before the actual vote.

Priest loses no time buzzing his 15 zone whips and his deputy, Rep. Mike Mansfield of Montana, and in his twangy Tennesseean drawl, he runs through the situation with them. "This shouldn't be so tough, Percy," his zone 15 whip Clair Engle of California assures him, "because the committee reported out H.R. 0000 by 18 to 7."

The men fan out over their routes, tally sheets in hand, like hustling salesmen to check a YES, NO, or UNCERTAIN after each representative's name



Vote-chasing whips, eager to get a bill through, have brought in ill members on a stretcher

regarding H.R. 0000. Once they account for every name, they send their tally sheets back to Priest. In an emergency they can take a whip check in three or four hours. After Priest totals the vote, he knows without guesswork what the chances are for passing the bill immediately and just what extra work lies ahead if H.R. 0000 is to become law. Meanwhile, Arends in the House and Johnson and Saltonstall in the Senate are also taking whip checks and totaling the records of these polls in order to plan their own strategy.

Representative Priest has only until next Thursday to change the NO and UNCERTAIN votes and to make sure his charges will be on hand for the actual vote. He may call on the deans of the state delegations to talk to the congressmen in question, or he may ask the committee chairmen, or he may try himself. Sometimes a soft friendly word will bring an opposing member around; other times, a tooth-and-nail argument on the issues involved does the trick. Often, nothing helps.

"There are generally so many factors involved in

goes after votes among Arends' men. This sort of activity is always done quietly. Occasionally, however, cross-party proselyting leaks out, as at the beginning of this century when Sen. Ben "Pitchfork" Tillman of South Carolina started a riot on the Senate floor. The melee began when he accused the Republicans of guaranteeing his state's patronage to his fellow Democratic senator, John McLaurin, also of South Carolina, if McLaurin voted for the Republican-sponsored peace treaty with Spain.

By the time Thursday arrives, Priest has done his best to change as many votes as possible. Now his big remaining test will be to get his men to the floor for the actual vote on H.R. 0000. This is the payoff for all his labors.

It is no wonder then that everything is fair in bringing members to the floor to vote. In the Eighty-first Congress, Priest was so hard pressed for votes that he sent a cable to a congressional committee then investigating its way around Europe to book the first plane back to Washington for an important



Whips have been putting recalcitrant legislators over the jumps since 1769

a man's stand on a particular bill," says Priest, "that a whip has to be pretty good to change his vote and make him happy at the same time. That's why I'd say that the formula for a successful whip," he added grinning, "is to take a pint of Simon Legree, two quarts of Sigmund Freud and three gallons of Dale Carnegie, stir the concoction like mad, and just splash it all out on the floor of Congress."

Priest, being a majority whip, actually has some time-honored stratagems available to help him in his work. For instance, he can arrange to raise the special bill of a stubborn member to a better spot on the calendar in exchange for a new point of view on H.R. 0000. Or he can try to amend H.R. 0000 to meet his objection. However, Priest's colleague, House Republican Whip Arends, being a minority whip, has little to work on to change the minds of his men on a bill such as H.R. 0000 except a direct appeal to their consciences or to their concern for their party.

If a Democrat is going to vote against H.R. 0000, Priest knows that he has not lost one vote, but two. The converse is also true. That is why he sometimes

vote. Once a senator was pulled out of the President's oval office in the White House and whisked back to Capitol Hill. Others have been roused from sleep by vote-chasing whips. Sometimes both Priest and Arends have arranged to carry sick members onto the floor for important votes.

Not long ago Arends tried to locate an elusive Republican who was needed for what promised to be a tight vote. The man was not in town, according to Arends' usually reliable grapevine. The rumor was that he had slipped off to his home several states away. The vote was not to come until the following day, fortunately, so there was time to bring him back. But when Arends called his home, he was told the congressman was not there.

Through some mysterious means, Arends' message was relayed to the political foe of the missing congressman, a gentleman who owned the local radio station. Every 15 minutes from then on, announcers cut into programs with: "If anybody spies Congressman So-and-So who should be representing us in Washington but isn't, tell him he's supposed to be in Washington. (Continued on page 53)

Sure-Seaters Discover

By STANLEY FRANK



EDWARD BURKS

"Art houses" specialize in films which appeal to mature, well mannered and discriminating audiences

IN THE past two years several hundred theater owners, who are not in the entertainment business for their own amusement, seem to have gone to a good deal of trouble to alienate their affection for money. They have built new movie houses, or renovated old ones extensively, blandly ignoring gloomy predictions that the industry is withering on the vine. Even more rashly, they have introduced a policy of showing only "good," highbrow films, flouting H. L. Mencken's dour observation that "no one ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public."

These theaters are known in the trade as "art" houses or "sure-seaters," and represent the most encouraging trend in the movies

since television aerals began to cast menacing shadows over box offices. A sure-seater is a small theater—300 to 750 capacity—that specializes in showing mature, sophisticated foreign and domestic pictures. The definition has undergone a radical change of interpretation lately. Hollywood wits once said the sure-seater was aptly named because a patron always was sure to get a seat. The gag has fallen flat because, with the proper attraction, every seat in a sure-seater is pretty sure to be filled.

There are 470 sure-seaters in the United States today, about twice as many as there were two years ago when exhibitors began to blame television, the recession and the sticky international situation for the sharp slump in attendance. In

addition, there are 1,500 other theaters that are booking a steadily increasing ratio of art pictures in preference to run-of-the-mill Hollywood products. These outlets account for a small percentage—no more than one twentieth—of the total business done by the country's 19,000 movie houses, but they are exerting an influence on traditional Hollywood attitudes and distribution methods out of all proportion to their immediate impact on the box office.

Pictures treating sensitive themes and social problems realistically always were regarded by Hollywood as well intentioned, but, none the less foolish, invitations to deficits. Companies that tried to raise the cultural level of the cinema invariably were swamped

an Audience



A few tasteful paintings hung in the lobby or lounge lend a refined touch

with red ink in the backwash of public indifference. The boom sure-seaters are enjoying, however, is leading some executives in the industry to believe that serious pictures can be:

1. A source of important income if they are properly introduced and built up in prestige by first-run releases in sure-seaters;
2. Made on low budgets in this country, although production costs are two to five times greater than they are in England, France and Italy, heretofore the chief suppliers of art pictures;
3. Instrumental in recapturing the "lost audience."

The lost audience is to Hollywood what the morality of the younger generation is to educators and the state of the union is to deep

thinkers. It is a handy springboard for viewing with alarm. In his book, "The Great Audience," Gilbert Seldes made a statement to the effect that hardly anyone past 40 ever goes to the movies. This sweeping generalization is: (a) manifestly exaggerated, as a quick look at the audience in a sure-seater will demonstrate; (b) hardly a startling revelation.

The movies, like all mass entertainments—sports, radio, television, popular music, dancing—largely are supported by young folks.

As we grow older, most of us become more discriminating—and smarter. We seek relaxation in ease rather than excitement.

There is no question that the movies eventually lose fans by re-

PEOPLE will still pay to see a good movie. That's why this group of theaters is now solidly in the black

hashing old situations, whipping up turkeys to capitalize on stars' sudden popularity and resolving problems with a burst of celestial harmony and a resplendent sunrise that heralds the advent of a new day. Taking pot shots at Hollywood for cultivating the same old cornfield is a favorite pastime, but the criticism is not entirely justified.

Every major studio has tried to break away from the formula and has scars to prove it.

In the 1930's, Warner Brothers gave Paul Muni a distinguished build-up by billing him as Mister Paul Muni. They featured him in a series of significant biographies that was greeted with critical acclaim—"Zola," "Juarez," "Pasteur," "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet"—and each picture laid an egg. Clark Gable was starred in 28 pictures by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer before he went away to war. Only one was a flop at the box office. It was "Parnell," based on the life of the Irish patriot and the most adult film of the lot.

A few years ago Paramount lavished some \$2,000,000 on "The Heiress," by every criterion a superior artistic achievement. It did not begin to return the investment. Twentieth Century-Fox knew there were two strikes against a film dealing with such a touchy theme as religious intolerance, but it went ahead and made

"Gentleman's Agreement." The list can be expanded indefinitely.

People who blast Hollywood for failing to raise the cultural level of the medium overlook one point. Movie-makers have no special obligation to elevate artistic or intellectual standards. They are in private business for one purpose—to make money. Further, the cost of getting a series of flickering images in film forces them to fashion their products for mass consumption.

THERE actually are few commodities put on the market that are more expensive to make or a greater gamble than a movie. A manufacturer introducing a new toothpaste, breakfast food or dress line can pretest his product in a selected area at a cost of about \$25,000, but that is not possible with a movie. A movie can be offered to the public only in its entirety, and by that time upwards of \$1,000,000 is tied up in 10,000 feet of film. It's too late to change the story line, mood or viewpoint of a picture to conform with changing conditions and public attitudes.

Confronted by so many intangibles, it is understandable that a movie producer entrusted with an investment of \$1,000,000 should rely on a formula that has been successful in the past.

William Pine and William Thomas, independent producers who have made money on all but one of 64 pictures, conducted a survey last summer in 33 cities to find out what audiences want. Maybe you're fed up with musicals, Westerns in garish color, preposterous pseudo-scientific brainstorms, Indian massacres and action pictures that do not contain the glimmer of a provocative idea. That's too bad, because that's what you're going to get. Those are the pictures that are selling, and anyone who tries to buck the preferences and prejudices of 65,000,000 movie-goers a week is a starry-eyed visionary.

In spite of it all, major producers continue to go out on shaky limbs for pictures with intellectual appeals that bring little more than prestige to the industry. Why? Maybe they're tired of turning out the same old pap. Maybe they have artistic integrity, a phrase that is not as incongruous in Hollywood as many people believe.

It can be argued that if the public wanted "good" pictures it could have had them long ago by the simple expedient of supporting such films at the box office. Critics who took a dim view of the mass

American audience's intelligence have been forced to revise that estimate as a result of some startling developments in the past two years.

Sir Laurence Olivier's British-made "Hamlet," a highbrow offering if ever there was one, played in 30 RKO theaters in New York in February, 1950, on a Monday and Tuesday, the worst days of the week. It grossed \$250,000, an all-time high on the circuit for those two days. "Red Shoes," a pure fantasy expressed in ballet, has grossed \$5,000,000 with more than half its potential outlets still to go.

Three pictures with Italian dialogue and English subtitles—"The Bicycle Thief," "Open City" and "Bitter Rice"—were released in 8,000 theaters and showed profits. "Devil and the Flesh," a French film, cleared \$260,000 during a 36-week run in one sure-seater, the Paris in New York. The Sutton Theater, also in New York, is easily the most successful movie house in America in relation to seats—550—and profits. Its art pictures, usually British, run longer than six months on the average. One of the big money-makers last summer was a remake of that venerable costume piece, "Cyrano de Bergerac."

THOSE pictures were made in four countries and three languages. (Four languages, if you include theatrical British, which sometimes requires subtitles for comprehension by American audiences.) The pictures ranged in appeal from a soaring classic ("Hamlet") to a stark incident in the life of a laborer ("The Bicycle Thief"). Only two of the films boasted a star whose name on the marquee meant anything in this country. The pictures had only one thing in common. All were first presented in sure-seaters.

Several of the pictures unquestionably could have been booked into the 6,000-seat Radio City Music Hall in New York, the No. 1 showcase of the industry. A few years ago distributors were cutting their own, and competitors', throats to get into the Music Hall. Today, they are by-passing it and other palaces and releasing their products in theaters that have one tenth the capacity. Why? It's a better financial deal for the long haul.

Launching a feature picture in a downtown palace in any city is an expensive proposition. Advertising, publicity and exploitation costs are at least \$7,000. That figure can go as high as \$40,000 for

a Broadway opening if the distributor wants to impress exhibitors throughout the country. If the theater is part of a chain, as most first-run houses are, its own and the home office's overhead add another \$7,000 a week before the doors are opened. The picture runs one week, two at the most, and then the expensive, laborious process starts all over again.

THE economics of a sure-seater are much simpler. Elaborate advertising and promotion campaigns are unnecessary because the theater has a steady clientele and can't handle big crowds anyway. A sure-seater is splurging if it spends \$4,000 on a new picture. The gimmick, however, is that this cost drops to a few hundred dollars a week for modest newspaper ads after the picture has been introduced. The independent sure-seater exhibitor can afford to give the distributor a larger share of the gross receipts than a chain operator because his rent and overhead are low and promotion-wise he is riding on velvet after the first week.

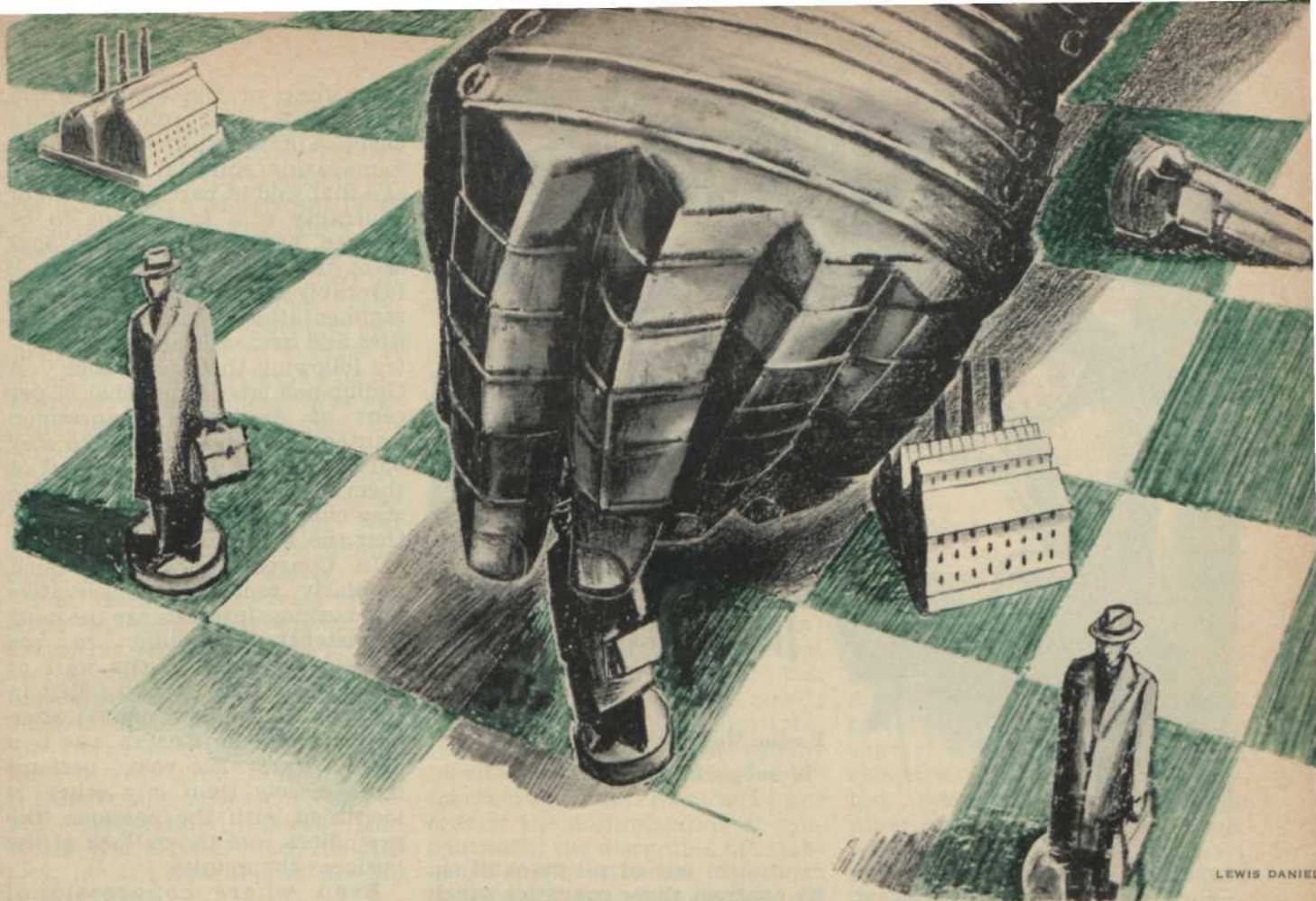
Extended runs are the keys to a sure-seater's success. The longer a picture plays, the less expensive it is to keep it before the public. By reducing costs to the bone, it is possible to make more money with a picture that starts off grossing \$6,000 a week and gradually goes down to \$2,000 weekly in a sure-seater than it is with a picture that takes in \$20,000 in a big house in one week, then goes off the boards.

"That's only part of the story," says Max Youngstein, national director of advertising and publicity for United Artists. "The sure-seater gives word-of-mouth publicity, which really sells movies, a chance to catch up with the merits of a picture."

"The average movie opens on a Thursday to catch favorable reviews and comment for the big week-end trade. Business invariably falls off on Monday and continues slow the rest of the week, so the audience is hypoed with a new attraction the next Thursday. The picture goes into the neighborhood circuits with only three good days of build-up behind it and plays there another four, five days. Then it goes into the cheap 'grind' houses and in six months it's dead."

"Compare that to the steady prestige a picture builds in a sure-seater. The capacity is so small that the audience is spread over a period of two or three weeks. In big metropolitan centers it may

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LEWIS DANIEL

Does Business Want War?

By LEO CHERNE *Executive Director, Research Institute of America*

HERE'S WHY Russia overlooks no chance to convince the world that American businessmen are now trying to start another major conflict

THE AMERICAN businessman has been tagged with many unflattering labels—Babbitt, isolationist, profit grabber, opponent of the Marshall Plan, Point Four and every other plan for world rehabilitation. But of all the distorted pictures, the most tenacious and the most dangerous is the myth of the Wall Street imperialist war-maker.

The Moscow radio hammers at that theme daily: "The blood-sucking capitalists are prepared to plunge the whole world into a bloody war for the sake of a single dollar. . . . The Yankee billionaires and millionaires, driven insane by hunger for gold and power, are preparing to murder the peace of the

world." These are actual quotes from recent Soviet broadcasts.

The doctrine that capitalism inevitably produces war is deeply ingrained Marxist-Leninist dogma accepted as a working principle in Russia. It has spread far enough to arouse hostility against American business even in some anti-Communist circles—sometimes even in this country.

The theory teaches that conflicts over world markets and trade policies are inevitable under capitalism. The capitalist must sell his product, even if he has to dump it in foreign markets below cost. This search for markets produces the frictions which must lead to war. Karl Marx implied it first. John A.

Hobson refined the doctrine. Then Nikolai Lenin gave it the final twist:

Not only does capitalism produce war by its very nature, he said, it actually seeks war so that both markets and peoples can be exploited fully and the profits of the fat few increased.

The lie is particularly dangerous in unindustrialized and colonial regions. It is here the doctrine has taken root—even among anti-Communist groups in Iran, Egyptian nationalists, the illiterate of India, and Oxford-educated Nehru.

The Soviet beams its denunciation of American business to these corners of the world because there the soil is fertile. Furthermore, the Kremlin knows that our participation in the economic life of the agrarian countries would mean their industrialization in the democratic-capitalist pattern. That would end the Soviet Union's dreams of conquest by internal penetration. To avert it, every technique of both cold war and hot



Radio Moscow calls us the
"blood-sucking capitalists"

propaganda is brought into play.

The Soviets explain the Korean war to their own people and those of ill-informed Asia in terms of this imperialist myth. Soviet Ambassador Jacob Malik charged before the United Nations that South Korea attacked North Korea at the instigation of the Wall Street monopolists who controlled South Korean industry. The Soviet radio invented the details. "American monopolies control 60 per cent of all industry in South Korea; their main objectives are in Northern Korea, where the chief industrial centers and the main mining deposits of the country are to be found."

Actually the only American business in South Korea is the small Korean Oil Storage Company. Malik singled out Gilbert Associates as the power monopolist of South Korea. A firm of building contractors, it had built one plant in Seoul for the South Korean Government. Incidentally, the same contractor had also built six power plants in the Soviet Union. And it doesn't own an interest in any of the plants in either country.

William Henry Chamberlin, writing recently in the *Wall Street Journal*, has made this point:

"In connection with the theory that the capitalist system makes for war, it is significant that military preparations on the eve of the second world war were furthest advanced in Germany, Japan and Russia where political dictatorship had either abolished or modified

capitalism out of all recognition. By contrast three countries which at the time were most 'capitalistic' in their economic systems, the United States, Great Britain and France, were far behind in military preparedness."

Even the socialist Bertrand Russell, discussing the causes of World War I in his book, "Why Men Fight," said: "Any economic motives that may be assigned for it (war) are to a great extent mythical, and its true causes must be sought for outside the economic sphere."

The history of the American businessman's attitude toward war illustrates the truth of Russell's statement. From the days of Henry Ford's "peace ship" in 1916, business has been traditionally isolationist, bitterly opposed to intervention.

One of capitalism's most vigorous reformers recognized the peaceful propensities of businessmen. Henry George wrote many years ago in "Progress and Poverty" that "commerce, which is in itself a form of association or cooperation, operates to promote civilization, not only directly, but by building up interests which are opposed to warfare, and dispelling the ignorance which is the fertile mother of prejudices and animosities."

Radio Moscow charges that American politicians are trying to make the people forget "the foul role played by U. S. capital in the

unleashing of the second world war." Just what role American business played was brought out in a magazine editorial some years ago that said in part: "The cost of neutrality is a factor not to be ignored, but businessmen to date seem disposed to weigh that price favorably against the cost of war—regimentation during the hostilities and demoralization of industry following their conclusion." A Gallup poll later found that 98 per cent of American businessmen wanted the United States to stay out of the war, and 75 per cent of them said they would still want to stay out even if it appeared likely that the Allies would lose.

In Congress those who must regularly represent conservative and business interests are the most consistently reluctant to see America involved in the wars of Europe and Asia. Senator Taft in 1951 echoed his views of 1941 when he insisted "the Korean war is a useless war." His voice, perhaps more closely than any other, is identified with the passions, the prejudices, and the outlook of the business community.

Even where congressional spokesmen for the business community have split, it has been over the question of how war might best be avoided, not how it might be speeded. The most insular point of view is expressed by Senators Taft, Wiley, Kem and Capehart. They speak for that segment of business which believed that involvement in the problems of a war-torn and decaying Europe would involve the United States in inevitable war.

On the other hand, the more internationally minded wing of the Republican Party, formerly led by Senator Vandenberg, now including Paul Hoffman and Senators Flanders, Saltonstall, Smith and Morse, holds the opinion that the danger of war would be diminished by healing the wounds of the last conflict and filling in the chasms of hunger and economic stagnation. Differing sharply on their prescriptions for an ailing world, both groups are as one in the tenacity with which they would avoid war.

The plain fact is that the American businessman has been noninterventionist and antiwar almost to the point of pacifism. The reasons are fairly obvious. In addition to a personal and moral repugnance for war which he shares with all America, the businessman has plenty of business reasons to dread conflict. War—even the danger of war—means price control, wage control, priorities, allocations, power shortages, substitutes, cur-

tailed civilian output and higher taxes. The Korean war already has brought a 29 per cent increase in personal taxes, a sharp boost in excise taxes, and a 53 per cent jump in corporate taxes, including the revival of the excess profits tax.

These are the consequences of war as businessmen know them. War produces labor shortages and diminishes the skills of workers. It threatens the businessman's plant, wears out his equipment. War nationalizes his profits, rations his output, injures his merchandising, destroys his normal international markets. War places the Government in his counting room. War enlarges Government and diminishes the value of the dollar.

The businessman fears from bitter experience that war will increase his costs, limit his profits, overexpand his plants, present him first with the problem of priority unemployment and later with reconversion hangover. War means the renegotiation of his contracts. It threatens to relocate his plants. The businessman knows that World War III will place his factory, his investment and his life in jeopardy.

And there are no greater profits to compensate the overwhelming number of large and small busi-

nessmen for the headaches and heartaches of operating in a war economy. Some few businesses mushroom to growth in intervals of armament. Yet even the most outstanding of the "war babies," aircraft and machine tools, have resisted the garrison state as tenaciously as the others.

The CIO in urging a rigid excess profits tax indicated clearly that even the most ardent labor elements recognize the unprofitability of war business. The CIO last year advocated an excess profits tax not to "take the profits out of war," but, on the contrary, to catch the civilian-goods makers not affected by renegotiation of war contracts and not sufficiently controlled by price ceilings.

Businessmen fear the sharp increase in company overhead that inevitably flows from war and war production. The increase results from many factors: the inevitable red tape imposed by the equally inevitable controls; the higher inspection standards required of war orders; the multiplication of sub-contracts; the disruption of established supply channels.

Above all, businessmen fear the hangover of government controls. Businessmen's resistance to government controls is not entirely

due to a feeling that they are unnecessary during the emergency but to a fear that they will remain once the emergency is over. This goes beyond the controls directly related to war output—renegotiation, price and materials controls, credit restrictions, wage stabilization, etc. Business also worries about the possibility that the concept behind the excess profits tax—that a certain rate of profit is fair, a certain base period "normal"—will permanently influence both government fiscal policies and the political attitudes of an employee society.

Businessmen watch the world with concern. They have seen the temporary invasions of state power become permanent in one country after another, even when new parties or administrations take office. Rationally or not, businessmen conclude that war is the one factor that would most rapidly convert the United States into a collectivist society. As J. E. Shelton, retiring president of the American Bankers Association, warned in 1951: "Continuous government-declared emergencies are pushing this country into a controlled economy that leads to Socialism and Communism."

(Continued on page 75)

The ill-informed of Asia are a fertile soil for Soviet lies about the United States





POSITIVELY No Fishing

By JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

IT WAS a fool thing to do. So it was right down my alley. Still, I wouldn't have tried it but for the fact that in two weeks I would be Pvt. Arthur Stanley instead of plain Art Stanley. If I was ever going to fish Old Man Desper's lake, now was the time to do it.

I left town in my dad's car and drove out past the Desper place. Old Jim was cutting alfalfa and of course he'd keep right on cutting till the sun fell. Half a mile beyond the hayfield I found the woods road I was looking for, drove down it until I was out of sight of the highway, and then, casting rod and tackle box in hand, I left the car and followed the woods road to the lake.

My breath caught in my throat; it always does when I see a stretch of perfect bass water. And that was one honey of a lake. Ten or twelve acres lost in the deep woods. Stumps and brush and submerged logs. Weed beds here and there and lily pads. Water that was dark but never muddy. And only one thing wrong with it. The signs. The grim signs that said NO FISHING and POSTED.

But today I scorned the signs. All my life I'd wanted to fish here. I

was so excited I could hardly open the tackle box, but finally I managed to snap a surface plug to the end of my line. I found an opening in the willows and cast that top-water lure far out into Jim Desper's lake. I let it lie motionless a second, then twitched it past a stump. A sizable bass rolled at the bait but missed. I reeled in.

Suddenly I laughed. It was fun to steal a march on Jim Desper. I hated him anyway. All normal people were supposed to hate him. That was the price he had to pay for not being normal himself. No, I don't mean he was abnormal. He was just odd. He lived alone and he stayed to himself as much as he could and he was a man old before his time, because, though folks had been calling him Old Man Desper for ten years, he was just in his middle forties.

My father says Jim Desper was normal until one of the Wilson girls left him at the altar and ran off with his first cousin. I don't know. I never was interested in what made him such a hellion. I just knew that he had soured on the world, that he was against anything new, and that, as sure as God made little green apples, he would have you arrested if he caught you fishing in that lake of his.

Being against anything new, he didn't have a tractor on his farm or an automobile or electricity or even a telephone. When he fished

in his lake he stuck to a cane pole and minnows and loathed the sight of a casting rod or an artificial lure. He never caught any big fish, either, just trash.

If you take a second look at the proposition, maybe you can get an inkling of why that lake was so important to him. It was his and his alone. Another man had taken the woman he'd wanted, but nobody could take the lake away from him. On the lake he was a king, even if he couldn't catch fish. Why, the President could come along and old Jim could tell him, *No, sir, Mr. President, you can't fish in my lake*, and there wouldn't be a thing the President could do about it.

Three more times I tried around the stump but got no response. Then I cast to the edge of some half-submerged brush and a charge of dynamite went off. He was a headstrong bass and he fought like a Texas steer, but finally I led him to shore, got a grip in the front of his mouth with thumb and forefinger, lifted him out, and disengaged the hooks. He'd go between four and five pounds, but I had no use for him, so, after complimenting him to his face, I slipped him back into the water.

From then on I was in a fisherman's heaven. I moved along the shore, from one opening in the willows to another, taking and releasing bass at every stop. Jim fished

"The fish ain't the point," he shouted. "You come sneaking in here and steal my privacy"

here with his cane pole and his minnows, but these bass had never seen an artificial lure and they went crazy. I guess I went a little crazy, too.

A fisherman is an odd bird, and I was a fisherman. Suddenly the world fell away from me there on the shore of that lonely, lovely lake and I was alone in the same way, I guess, that old Jim was alone when he came there. The girl in the next county who had two-timed me faded out of my mind forever. My natural fears and worries at going into the Army slid off my shoulders and I stood up straight and unafraid. I had a feeling of peace.

Behind me the sun dropped low. One last cast, I told myself. Over yonder where the end of a sunken log stuck out of the water. I realized that I had been saving this for the last. Under that log lurked the big one I wanted. He was there. He had to be.

It was the best cast I ever made. The surface plug lit with the gentlest of splashes ten feet beyond the log. I let it lie until the ripples died away. I twitched it and let it lie again. I made it flutter like a wounded thing. Once more I let it lie, a scant six inches from the end of the log. I held my breath.

Something warned me. When you have been fishing and hunting all your life you become accustomed to these sudden warnings and you heed them. I swung my head around and looked into Jim Desper's cold eyes.

"Stand where you are!" he said. "Don't move!"

I couldn't have moved anyway. I stood as motionless as the plug lying out there on the water at the

end of the log. It's a wonder I didn't drop the rod. The blood ran cold in my veins. All at once I wasn't afraid of being arrested; I was afraid of something else, something I couldn't name. Because it was that kind of a look that stared out of Jim's pale, fixed blue eyes.

"You're a thief!" he said. "A sneaking dog of a thief!"

"Look," I said, finding my tongue at last. "I haven't taken anything. I've put back every fish I've caught. You can't—"

"The fish ain't the point," he shouted, towering over me, the weathered skin tight on his cheekbones, his eyes inflamed now. "You come sneaking in here and steal my privacy. This is mine!"

"Okay," I said. "I've broken the law. Take me to the sheriff or the game warden. I'll go with you."

"It never fails," he said. "All of a sudden one of those feelings comes over me. I quit whatever I'm doing and come here quick and I always find a thief. I was cutting hay and it came over me." He stared at me, his powerful, bony hands opening and shutting convulsively. "So you want the sheriff? But I'm tired of having thieves arrested. I'm going to break every bone in your body!"

I guess that was what he had in mind, and I guess he could have done it. He was strong enough and he had righteous anger on his side. I tried to balance myself for the attack that was coming. All at once I became aware that I was still clutching the rod. I started to drop it and then didn't drop it but held on to it for dear life.

All that time the plug had been lying still on the water. Now the

fish had struck. He'd risen, slowly at first and then with a rush, from his haunts deep under the sunken log and he'd smashed that plug with all the fury of his kind.

It was as if the lake itself had exploded, and the rod was almost wrenched out of my hand. The shock ran up my arm like electricity. Down he plunged, toward his hide-out under the log. Once there he'd foul the line and be gone forever. I put pressure on him. I had to take that chance. And it turned him just short of the log. Up he came and once more the lake exploded, as he broke water. He looked as big as a shoat. But the hooks held and down he went again.

"Turn him loose!" old Jim yelled. "Damn you, boy, turn my fish loose!"

"Go to hell!" I yelled back at him. I couldn't have let that fish go if I had known Jim was going to kill me the next instant.

Again I checked him and again he boiled to the surface, his red gills flaring. He gave me his Sunday punch then and nearly tore my arm off. Beside me Jim was jumping up and down like a wild man and I remember thinking that now he was going to kill me, sure enough.

But he didn't, and once more the hooks held, and this time the bass stayed down. It was different now, though. I was gaining line on him. Slowly but certainly I was leading him toward shore.

We could see him now, about a foot under the water, and just to look at him took your breath. How much did he weigh? I don't know.

(Continued on page 55)



Some day I'll be out of the Army and home again and I'll go fishing with Jim Desper

L'Enfant, the French engineer, laid out the capital but John McShain is doing the building

EARLY in the spring of 1939, the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, at home for a week end at Hyde Park, N. Y., was holding court for a one-man audience—a Mr. John McShain, Philadelphia builder.

For nearly an hour the former President painted a word picture of the memorial library he wanted McShain to build on the old family estate overlooking the Hudson River. From doorstep to dormer, the amateur architect described how the library would look when finished. One suggestion he made, however, seemed not only impractical but almost impossible.

Finally McShain found an opening and said facetiously:

"Mr. President, as a statesman, I think you are tops, but as a builder . . . might I suggest that if you would entrust to me the responsibility of building your library, I'm sure the result would be much more satisfactory."

There was a moment of uncomfortable silence. Then the President spoke.

"Mr. McShain, I don't think there's anything I can add to improve *your* plans for the library."

For more than a decade, the Government has been doing as President Roosevelt did that spring afternoon. John McShain has been active in Washington as no other builder before him.

Not since the early 1790's, when George Washington commissioned Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer, to lay out the city, has any one man left his mark so often and so indelibly on the size and shape of the capital.

Hardly a building or a monument has been proposed for Washington in the past ten years that McShain hasn't swung into action. He has, according to the General Services Administration which awards the Government's building contracts, bid on more than 200 projects. And he has won twice as many jobs in the same period as his two closest competitors—combined—at a total cost to the Government of nearly \$1,000,000,000.

Indeed, it would be almost impossible for any businessman—or anyone else for that matter—to visit Washington, even for a few hours, without some physical contact with McShain's handiwork. From the moment he arrives at the National Airport, which McShain built in 1939 for \$5,000,000, no traveler can escape the man.

A war contract for instance calls for a visit to the

McShain signs are on everything from the White House fence to the newest building



HARRIS & EWING

He Changed the Face of Washington

By JOHN GERRITY

LOHR





The Pentagon: Built at a cost of \$76,000,000



National Airport



Department of State



Bethesda Naval Hospital



National Institutes of Health



Army Map Center



Bureau of Engraving



General Accounting Office



Jefferson Memorial

\$76,000,000 Pentagon or to the \$22,000,000 General Accounting Office. If the visitor's business is with Dean Acheson he must go to McShain's \$5,000,000 State Department. If, on the other hand, he is a scientist or a cancer specialist chances are excellent he will wind up in McShain's \$40,000,000 National Institutes of Health, now only partially finished, but already open for business.

Or, he may be just an admiral with toothache. Then he'll probably run out to the Bethesda Naval Hospital for which the Government paid the builder \$10,000,000. Enroute, the admiral may go by way of the Du Pont Circle underpass, which cost the District of Columbia more than \$5,000,000.

Whoever he is and whatever his business, the visitor may kill time sightseeing at the Jefferson Memorial or the Bureau of Engraving. Or, he may kibitz at the work going on at the White House or at Andrews Air Force Base in nearby Maryland; or he may inspect the new Army Map Center—never aware of the fact that these five alone represent \$22,000,000 in McShain contracts.

These are some of the better known landmarks. There are scores of other government offices and private buildings, like the new Washington Post, the Georgetown University gymnasium, Longfellow and Kiplinger buildings and the Bureau of Yards and Docks.

With the speed and unpredictability of freckles rising on a schoolboy's face, construction signs pop up everywhere proclaiming that "John McShain, Builders" is busy.

And few shrines ranging from the White House to the home of Chief Justice Marshall have been sufficiently sacrosanct to avoid at least temporary labeling.

In fact, the city today is so generously sprinkled with McShain trade-marks that sightseeing guides say that they have had to rejigger their "lectures" for tourists.

"Time was," complained a veteran guide not long ago, "that we could keep them happy with the old standard chatter about the Washington Monument and the Capitol. Now they want to hear about this guy McShain."

"And you know the story," the guide went on with the air of an arch-conspirator. "McShain was only a small contractor until a few years ago when he married some Philadelphia lady . . . a second cousin of Eleanor Roosevelt's, she was . . . that's his 'in' on all those lush jobs."

With due apologies to this insider, nothing could be farther from the truth. There is no tie to the Roosevelt family. Moreover, McShain scrupulously shuns the barest hint of any political tie. He shrugs off rumors that he has sweetened the Democratic Party's war chest with big donations—that in 1948 he gave President Truman \$15,000 for campaign expenses; that he helped "angel" the Democrats' Jackson-Jefferson Day dinners—sometimes good-naturedly, sometimes testily.

Once, irritated by a columnist's assertion that he was the darling of the Democrats, he sounded off bitterly:

"Good Lord! In a slug-and-be-slugged business like this don't you think that the fellows I've beaten would scream to high heaven if they suspected a 'fix'? Have they ever complained?"

"It's true that I've done most of my big building for the Democrats. Great guns, is it my fault that they've been the only ones around for the past 20 years to sign the contracts?"

"And another thing," (Continued on page 62)



When the engines arrived, Dr. Fiedler was there

There's Something About a Fire

By GEORGE FRAZIER

A roaring blaze may be a spectacle to the average man, but to some 50,000 "buffs" it is a challenge they never ignore. They're there at any price

TUCKED obscurely away in the papers last April 11 was an Associated Press dispatch that, for its brevity and restraint, must have occasioned some readers just as much bewilderment as the cashiering of General MacArthur, which was accorded such madcap and monopolistic treatment in the same editions.

"Dr. Arthur Fiedler," it reported under a San Francisco date line, "conductor of the Boston 'Pops' Orchestra, here for a concert, left instructions at his hotel to be called for all fires.

"He got his chance yesterday when there was a three-alarm

blaze. By the time the equipment arrived, Dr. Fiedler was already on the scene."

If people assumed from this that the "Pops" leader must be a peculiar duck indeed, the fault was the reporter's and not theirs. The information, after all, was so meager that a suspicious reader might have jumped to the conclusion that Fiedler, instead of being merely potty, appeared to be obsessed by the same abnormal yearnings that Walt Whitman expressed in:

*I hear the alarm at dead of night.
I hear bells—shouts!—I pass the crowd—I run!*

The sight of the flames maddens me with pleasure.

Actually, of course, Fiedler is a well adjusted individual who, far from taking a weird delight in the spectacle of an unchecked fire, suffers almost unbearable anxiety until the last spark has been extinguished. The clamor of fire apparatus and the attendant realization that something must be burning usually reduces him to such a state of suspense that nothing will do but for him to rush to the scene and determine for himself that everything is under control.

George Washington, U. S. Grant, Justice and Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Al Smith, Fiorello LaGuardia, and many other people whose sanity was never questioned used to experience this same sensation. And, although one would hardly suspect it from reading a press dispatch that appeared Oct. 15, 1950, so, in this day, does one of the most distinguished of living Englishmen.

"Winston Churchill," stated the dispatch under a London date line, "went to a fire last night and insisted on getting so close that he gave the police a bad time. The flames damaged the last remaining section of London's already fire-damaged Crystal Palace. Churchill was driving to his country home and saw the flames. He marched up so close that his figure was wrapped in smoke. Worried police suggested several times that he move back, but he paid little attention."

While some people might think otherwise, this was not an act of idle curiosity but simply a move dictated by nothing more depraved than a desire to observe the strategy employed in bringing the flames under control. Just how irresistible this desire can become may be judged from what is by now something of a Boston legend.

According to this story, Arthur Fiedler was conducting an outdoor concert on the Esplanade one summer evening when the sudden clanging of engines along nearby Memorial Drive caused him to drop his baton in the middle of "Finlandia," bolt from the podium, and dash off in pursuit of the fire. Although Fiedler insists that the story is spurious, he is otherwise uninhibited enough about his addiction to display a Boston Fire Department plate on his limousine, sport an honorary chief's gold



A buff thinks nothing about tumbling out of bed on a freezing night

badge, and take his daily constitutional in the company of two Dalmatians, a breed so closely associated with the hook-and-ladder that they frequently are referred to as "fire dogs."

The urge that churns so turbulently within a man as to make him take such peremptory leave of an audience numbering well in the thousands is not, unfortunately, readily comprehensible to an uninitiate. A few years ago, however, a buff—which is the term for an aficionado of fire-fighting—managed to put a little light on the subject when he wrote about it in the *Baltimore Sun*.

"Fires to us are not mere spectacles," explained Karl Detzer. "They are demonstrations of strategy and tactics, for behind the apparent confusion at any 'working fire' there is generalship. A real buff can tell at a glance just how the battle lines are drawn. The placement of hose lines and ladders, the use of high-pressure turrets and water towers, the location of windows being smashed with axes—all these are clues to what kind of fire it is, where it is centered, whether it has what firemen call a 'good holt.'"

As might be expected, there is a rather enterprising kinship among

the 50,000-or-so people in the United States who feel as Detzer does. Consequently, a number of them belong to buff clubs.

The most prominent of these probably are the following:

The Box 52 Association, Inc., in Boston, which was founded in 1912 to commemorate the celebrated fire of 1812. The Association is named after the box from which the alarm was sounded. At one time or another it has included in its membership, restricted to 52, such proper Bostonians as Lester Watson, a senior partner in the brokerage house of Hayden, Stone, and the late John Patton Marshall, Boston University's greatly admired dean of music.

The Box Thirteeners in Cincinnati, who number 13 and, like many other select buff organizations, admit somebody new only on the death of a member.

The Box 8 Club in St. Louis; the Phoenix Society in San Francisco, where the vice chairman of the fire department is an industrious member named Robert H. Schaefer; the 77 Club in Brooklyn, which has its own museum of fire-fighting memorabilia; the Second Alarm Association in Philadelphia; The Box 7 Association in Dayton; the Box 12 Club in Detroit, where

the fire commissioner is Paxton Mendelssohn, a former "chief" of the club.

The Bell Club in New York City, which has 75 active members and admits a new one only when a vacancy occurs (as has happened, incidentally, when members resign in order to join the New York Fire Department, which forbids its employes to belong to buff clubs); and the Friendship Fire Association in Washington, D. C.

For the most part buffs take their hobby seriously. Some ten years ago, for example, a buff named Jimmy Welch, a trumpet player with Tommy Dorsey's band, became so exasperated at his inability to attend as many fires as he would wish, that he quit his job to become a Boston fireman. This was the same sort of lofty devotion that, theoretically at least, regulated the behavior of the early volunteer firemen.

At the sound of an alarm, they were expected to drop everything and rush off to the fire. Failing to do so, they either had to produce an acceptable excuse or pay a fine. The alibi had to be so impeccable, indeed, that there is considerable doubt as to whether or not the one that appears as an entry for June 15, 1807, in the minutes book of Engine 13 in New York City could have been regarded as valid.

"Harris Sages' excuse is received," it reads. "He says at the time of the fire he was locked in someone's arms and could not hear the alarm."

Delinquent or not, however, it would seem to be from the rakish

likes of Harris Sages and his colleagues that buffs inherited their nickname. According to H. L. Mencken, the term stems from the fact that many of the wealthy young men who belonged to early volunteer companies wore buffalo-skin coats in the winter and were known as buffaloes. Mencken adds that another school of thought points out that many volunteers wore buff uniforms.

Still another theory was propounded to the *New York Sun* a few years ago by a reader who suggested that the word might have derived from one Frederick Buff, who used to cut quite a figure as he raced along behind Volunteer Engine Company 54 on his bicycle. This, however, is not substantiated by an inspection of the records, for Buff's name is not to be found either in Costello's "Our Firemen," the recognized authority on volunteer and paid firemen up to 1887, or on the roster of Company 54, which was known as Eureka Hose.

Everything considered, the first of the three explanations would appear to have the strongest support, not the least of which was provided by Al Smith, who, because of his close association with Engine 32 on John Street on the lower East Side of Manhattan, used to refer to himself as a buffalo. But whether or not the late governor of New York had any real right to consider himself a true devotee of fire-fighting is quite another matter.

By his own admission, Smith was not present at as many fires as might have been expected. Usually,

the pangs of hunger were so assertive that when the horse-drawn trucks would lurch out of the fire station, he would remain behind to wolf any morsel that had been abandoned by some member of the company in his haste to answer the alarm. No dedicated buff would ever be guilty of such selfishness.

Indeed, if there is one thing characteristic of all buffs—whether in Boston, where they are known as sparks, or California, where they are called fans, or anywhere else—it is their disregard for their own physical comfort. Once an accessible blaze is under way, such normal considerations as hunger, fatigue, advanced age, and nasty weather are forgotten. Even in their 70's, for example, Justice Holmes and his wife continued to pursue the hook - and - ladder through Washington streets.

The inner man is no deterrent, either, as patrons of "21," the posh New York restaurant, can testify. On any number of occasions people dining there have been startled to see the comedian Peter Donald suddenly cock his crew-cut head toward his portable radio, which he keeps tuned to WNYF, the fire department station, jump wildly from his seat and rush toward the street.

But if food means little to a buff, sleep would appear to mean even less. One of his most extraordinary talents, in fact, is an ability to slumber through the most shattering din, but to come instantly awake at the sound of fire bells.

Another curious symptom of his affliction is a preference for tum-

Many's the notable that found the lure of a fire irresistible



bling out of bed on a cold rather than a clement night. This is because freezing weather, with its greater incidence of defective heating equipment, is conducive to fires of two or more alarms, or, as buffs call them, multiples.

Considering the fanatical complexion of all this, it is hardly surprising that it should be the stuff of legend. As it happens, though, many of the stories are sheer invention, even, it would seem on close inspection, the widely circulated one about a Father Flanary, a teacher in a New York parochial school. He was so addicted to his hobby that he would invariably abandon his pupils and "roll," which is buff terminology for going to a fire, whenever a multiple came in over the alarm which he had had installed in the classroom.

Year after year, as the tale goes, his pupils would pray for this to happen during an examination and thus relieve them of his vigilant presence. Finally, of course, it did happen and, as was inevitable, Father Flanary reached for his hat and coat and darted toward the door. Then, wheeling suddenly, he gazed at the class.

"This," he said, "is proof of the efficacy of prayer. You are on your honor—and on your own."

Spurious or not, this might easily have happened, the protestations of James E. (Ed) Jagger to the contrary. "I've never heard of a buff leaving a really important event to go to a fire," says Jagger, who is general manager of the International Association of Fire Chiefs. "What the hell, there's always going to be another fire, isn't there?"

As unequivocal as this disclaimer is, however, there is—even without summoning support from Arthur Fiedler's impetuous departure in the middle of a concert—ample evidence to disprove it. Some of it, paradoxically enough, is provided by Jagger's own experiences.

An affable, white-haired man of 49 who quit a well paying civil engineering job in 1948 to assume his present position, Jagger is understandably proud of a photograph showing him at his first fire. It was taken in Holyoke, Mass., where he grew up, when he was four years old.

Reminiscing not long ago about the aura of buffdom which enveloped his childhood, he recalled an evening which, whether he realizes it or not, would seem to constitute proof that buffs usually proceed on the assumption that there never will be another fire.

On this particular evening, Jag-

ger, who was 17 at the time, was bedded down with a high fever. Hovering anxiously over him were his father, mother, sister and grandmother, an indomitable woman who was still chasing fires in her 60's.

Suddenly, as they stood there, a multiple sounded on the tapper in the bedroom. Without a word of apology and as if with a single coordinated motion, they spun around and, leaving him entirely unattended, raced out of the house.

Still another case of a buff who finds the clang of engines irresistible is provided by Russell Codman of Boston who, with Paxton Mendelssohn of Detroit, is one of the two members of the cult who were appointed fire commissioners. Codman frequently dashes away in the middle of a dinner party and turns up a few minutes later at a fire. As

"Don't be content with doing your duty. Do more than your duty. It is the horse that finishes a neck ahead that wins the race."

—Andrew Carnegie

Boston's commissioner, he attended all multiples, usually plunging so deeply into the thick of things that on a couple of occasions he was severely injured.

Being a fire commissioner is, of course, a buff's conception of the perfect life, particularly since anyone fortunate enough to occupy the position never lacks a chance, even when no fires are in progress, to be in touch with his hobby. Most buffs do not permit a scarcity of alarms to slacken their interest, however.

If, for example, they live in New York City, they always can find a measure of excitement by reading Heitowit's "Fire Manual," a small black book published by a member of the Bell Club which lists the number and location of every fire box in the five boroughs.

Although many buffs pass their time between fires by visiting fire stations, there are those who feel that this is not enough and that they, in a manner of speaking, should bring the fire stations to them. Harry Harding, a 52-year-old lumber merchant of Lynn, Mass., appears to have taken the biggest strides in this direction. A buff since he was ten, Harding has spent an estimated \$30,000 on his hobby, has his garage equipped not

merely with alarms, but with a pole down which he can slide if a multiple should hit while he is on the second floor.

As for the Harding house, it has two complete sets of eight separate city and town tapper systems, eight short-wave radios, and a device which eliminates all but multiples. His car has two radio systems and a two-way radio telephone.

For all such idiosyncrasies, though, buffs are not fundamentally different from other kinds of aficionados. They have, for example, their own argot.

To buffs, the aerial ladder is "the big stick"; the act of sliding down the pole, "hitting the floor"; the hose, "spaghetti"; a fire that is short of a multiple but sufficiently challenging to keep the firemen occupied, "a worker"; a water tower, "a syringe"; a fireman's trousers and hip boots, his "bunker clothes," "night hitch," or "turn-outs"; a fire that is smoky enough to affect firemen's nostrils, "smoky"; and one that is full of combustible gases and ready to explode, "ripe."

But of all buff terminology, the most eloquent is probably "kink-chaser," which is used to describe a laggard who, when asked by his company commander why he isn't inside a burning building with the rest of the firemen, pleads that he is busy straightening kinks out of the hose line.

Like other hobby enthusiasts, buffs betray a touch of the Monday morning quarterback by rehashing the details of a fire in order to demonstrate how it might have been fought more skilfully. Another resemblance is that they, like others, fall into various subclassifications.

So, just as there are certain jazz fans who are interested primarily in records with original labels and others who are far more concerned with musical content, there are some buffs who pay exclusive attention to the strategy and tactics of fire-fighting and others—known as snack-buffs—who concentrate on providing for firemen's physical comfort.

Perhaps the most enterprising snack-buff around today is Edgar Steinhardt. A man in his 50's who runs a feather business, Steinhardt turns up in his station wagon which is stocked with blankets, dry clothing, sandwiches, whisky, coffee and, in hot weather, soda pop, at all fires in the vicinity of his home in Lawrence, L. I., and rolls into New York City on three-or-more alarms.

(Continued on page 70)

KEEPING people well, rather than just healing the sick, is the goal industrial doctors now have set themselves

IN 1951, 22,000 Philadelphia textile workers and their 125 employers began a new chapter in industrial medicine. Downtown, on the city's best shopping street, they opened one of the world's finest medical centers.

Fifty doctors, representing every medical specialty, are on call. The newest of technical facilities are on hand in tiled, air-conditioned rooms. There is an expensively equipped laboratory, a division of psychiatry, a luxurious auditorium for lectures. The spacious lobby might be that of an exclusive sanitarium.

Here, merely on request, workers who earn an average of about \$2,000 per year may receive free medical services such as have been associated only with the wealthy.

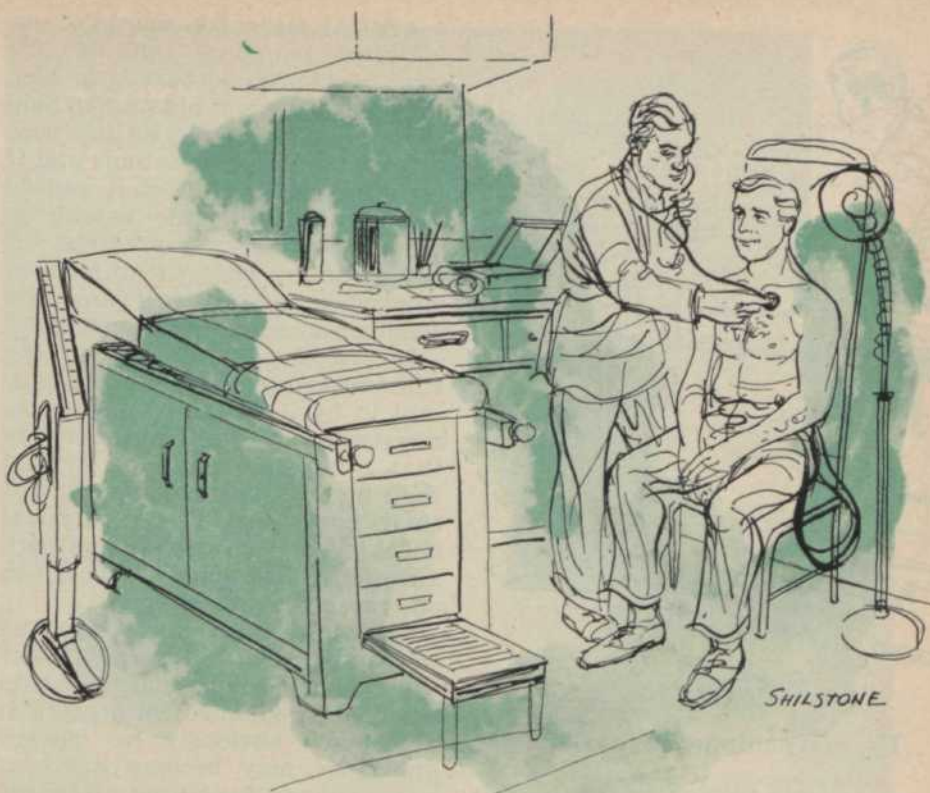
The cost?

At that question, the medical director, Dr. J. A. Langbord, will tell you patiently as he has already told hundreds of others, that there is no cost. "What we are doing here," he emphasizes, "is a joint effort by labor and management that is expected to pay its cost and earn a profit as well."

Part of the profit, the doctor says, is expected by the cooperating employers in the form of increased outputs in their factories. As much or more is expected to accrue to employees in less time lost because of sickness, and in better health generally.

"We are a number of things, but a charity isn't one of them," Dr. Langbord adds.

He sees the Sidney Hillman Medical Center of the Male Apparel Industry of Philadelphia, to give its full name, as a buffer against Communism — "Healthy people with jobs aren't easily taken in by any kind of quacks or nostrums."



Discovered early, a crippling ailment may be corrected

Medicine Accepts A New Challenge

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON



Less time lost because of illness means increased output



The best equipment is available

He doubts if any of the center's 22,000 patrons will find rhyme or reason in socialized medicine at the public's expense.

"At nobody's expense," he points out, "we're going beyond the best that socialized medicine proposes."

The idea of labor and management uniting voluntarily to provide means for the care of their ill and injured is far from new. The hospital of the Southern Pacific Railroad in San Francisco, for example, dates to 1869, and many a company medical plan has matured since then, together with group insurance covering health and accident, and the now widely effective non-profit Blue Cross plan.

Today, through payroll deductions, a third of our population is guaranteed hospital care in time of need, a majority receive medical services as well. More than 7,500,000 employees receive additional benefits from company health and welfare plans.

But our obviously ill, our ailing who jam doctors' waiting rooms and fill hospitals until our every capacity is strained, are not the major concern of the ultramodern Hillman Medical Center. Its overall objective is infinitely broader, and lends a new conception to the role of the "company doctor."

Growing in industry today, the creed of an advance guard of medical leaders is the realization that our foremost problem in medical practice generally is not the cure of the sick, important as that duty unquestionably is. The basic problem is the reduction of all sickness to the point that it ceases to be

a critical issue for many of us.

Doctor Langbord puts it this way: "Our primary task is to keep the healthy person healthy, to help him to avoid disease as the wise motorist does a bad detour, and if trouble arises, to detect it and do something before the trouble is beyond control." He predicts: "A day is coming when the number of empty hospital beds will gauge the efficiency of our medical system."

In practice, 40 per cent of the Hillman Center patients are now sent in by their family doctors to receive highly specialized services that otherwise would be beyond their means. The balance come of their own volition for physical checkups or advice about "minor" symptoms that most of us shrug off, too often mistakenly.

"Medicine's greatest present weakness," says Langbord, "is that it leaves it to the layman to decide when he needs medical attention, and since obviously he doesn't know, he may become his own worst enemy. Socialized medicine, as proposed, would merely perpetuate that weakness. Our venture is a step toward wiping it out."

Thinking along parallel lines is an array of industrial medical directors that fairly glitters. It includes Dr. Robert Collier Page, general medical director of Standard Oil Company (N. J.); Dr. George H. Gehrmann, head of the Du Pont Company's medical division; Dr. S. Charles Franco of Consolidated Edison of New York; the medical chiefs of General Motors, Eastman

Kodak, Bethlehem Steel, Merck & Company, and through a list mounting into the hundreds.

To aid smaller businesses in setting up cooperative medical services that will reduce sick rolls, the U. S. Public Health Service has organized its industrial hygiene division on a nationwide scale. It is being joined in this work by the health departments of cities and states, and by chambers of commerce.

The leaders are not thinking necessarily of duplicating the Hillman Center plan, a result of collective bargaining that at the moment, at least, is unique. But they will tell you that a medical revolution is under way, one that promises to dwarf the great industrial safety movement of the first half of the century, both in scope and eventual savings of lives and dollars.

So far, the work of industrial physicians has been limited in most companies, especially small ones, to cooperating with engineers in setting up safeguards against occupational hazards, to examining new employees, and giving purely emergency services. The results of this limited work have been notable. Today, only about five per cent of absenteeism of employees is traceable to on-the-job sources.

The complement of that fact, however, is that about 95 per cent of absenteeism is due to off-the-job causes. That is, it is nonindustrial in origin, but nonetheless industrial in effect. It cuts into produc-



Family doctors send patients to receive specialized services

tion, earnings, morale, adds to costs.

"Time lost from off-the-job causes totals more than 13 days for each worker per year," said Dr. Page. "A fourth of these unscheduled absences are probably for personal reasons, which doctors can't do much about. But about three fourths are due to common and often preventable illnesses."

He doubts if a quarter of the ill absentees ever get to a doctor unless or until their illness has progressed to a point at which seeing a doctor is mandatory.

The result is that the sale of "store" remedies booms. Our vaunted advances in medical science are wasted needlessly with consequences that damn medicine, not the human failure. Two out of three cancer victims might have been saved, if their malady had been detected in time. Only one in three sufferers with so-called rheumatic ills consults a doctor, though such ills may be the first signals of heart or other controllable trouble.

Here is a gigantic paradox that, nationally, is estimated to be costing us \$27,000,000,000 per year, of which more than a third is a direct charge against industry.

That charge has not caught industry unaware. Even before the war, many companies were doing something about it, at least experimentally. Thus far, as an average result among 1,625 companies surveyed by the National Association of Manufacturers, absences from work due to nonoccupational illnesses or injuries have been cut by almost one third, thanks to the new industrial medicine.

But that reduction is merely the beginning, in the opinion of Page, Gehrmann, and others. They believe that the loss may be cut one half by utilizing present knowledge, and that the medicine of tomorrow promises larger gains.

"Most needed are better methods of diagnosis that any competent physician can apply readily and with reasonable accuracy," says Executive Medical Director Dr. Augustus Gibson of Merck & Company. "In time, we may expect simple tests to detect incipient cancer and diseases of the heart, now our most serious challenges."

Dr. Page divides medicine broadly into three types: the curative medicine of tradition, on which the emphasis is treating disease after it has arisen; preventive medicine, exemplified by triumphs over smallpox, typhoid, yellow fever and other communicable diseases; and the new or constructive medicine. He says the

A new kind of hotel your community can afford!



and we built it at a
*room cost far below
the national average!*

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new medicine's big concern will be the healthy, to keep them so by guidance. It will give the same care to fitting people physiologically and psychologically into their work that is now given to fitting them by standards of training and experience.

That is being done now *within* industry to an extent. No employer would think of assigning an anemic worker to swinging a sledge, to use a crude instance. But small attention has been given to correcting his anemia, a forerunner of larger trouble, by carrying medical guidance *outside* industry, say, in this case, to diet. That has been deemed to be none of an employer's business.

IT IS very much his business, Page asserts. No less than machines, men are becoming the employer's 24-hour-a-day concern by reason of economic evolution and growing necessity.

Du Pont affords a ready example. That highly specialized chemical producer places its investment in the training of a machine operator at \$2,000, in a supervisor at \$5,000, in a research chemist at \$30,000 and up, mostly up, and in a general manager or vice president at "sky levels." Under wholly company-supported plans covering life insurance, vacations, pensions, and off-the-job illnesses and other medical disabilities—having babies included—it paid out \$48,000,000 in 1950 to protect its investments in its people.

Every dollar so paid out involved health in some manner, says Medical Director Gehrmann. Wages paid during nonoccupational illness or injury exceeded \$2,000,000, "a sum that easily could have been many times that if we had regarded the personal health of our employes as none of our business."

Du Pont's medical services include more than 100 full-time physicians, some 300 registered nurses and technicians, and outside consultants as needed. Employees are examined annually, more often if required. Records are kept by which significant physiological changes may be instantly noted and followed up. When a danger signal flashes, the word is, "See your own doctor at once."

"Bunk!" is Dr. Gehrmann's answer to the popular idea that the tensions and competition of modern business are responsible for crackups in mid-life and heart failures.

Instead, he finds, the basic causes of trouble are present in the man; what he is up against

in his job merely brings them out. The remedy?

"Let your man know his limits—all of us have some—and try to get him to live within them. That may mean a change in his work, even declining a promotion, but it also means a happier life and longer usefulness to us, his family, and society."

At times the trouble source is not the job but the home, says Dr. Gehrmann, or it arises from bad habits, with overeating and overliving high on the list. The industrial physician tries, diplomatically, to get at the real causes, then summons all of his tact in trying to instigate a solution. If the cause is alcoholism, Alcoholics Anonymous is offered. Gehrmann has several doctor-graduates of A.A. on his staff.

During the quarter century that he has headed Du Pont's medical division, the company has lost only one executive of the rank of general manager or higher from death before retirement on age. That, he admits, may be attributable to luck, but he likes to think it is because only men who are physiologically up to it get to the top in Du Pont.

He names the famous Du Pont brothers—Pierre S., 81, Irénée, 75, and Lamont, 71—as testimonials to his opinion that high tensions in business don't necessarily cause high blood pressures. The three have been actively identified with their company for more than 50 years. Despite careers involving about all of the high tensions conceivable, they have consistently registered blood pressures close to the medical ideal of 120/80.

New York's Consolidated Edison Company inaugurated regular health examinations for its executive personnel in 1949. The goal: to maintain optimum health. The plan is voluntary, jointly supported, and confidential in its personal relations, as such plans usually are.

THE first year 307 executives "took the works." Only one in five was found free of defects. Eliminating minor defects, only one half were classified as being in normal health. One fourth showed "major medical conditions, mainly involving the cardiovascular system."

"Experience with health counseling shows that these conditions can be prevented in many cases and greatly improved in others," reports Doctor Franco, in charge.

In 1951, 513 Consolidated Edison executives joined the plan out of 986 who are eligible. The plan

is but one of more than 300 that are now in effect.

Significant of the developing industry-wide movement involving all workers, the division of industrial hygiene of the U. S. Public Health Service recently issued a major compilation of facts, figures and opinions known as P.H.S. Publication No. 15. The government printer will sell you one for \$1. Read through its almost 400 pages, and you will be struck by the rapid, recent succession of revolutionary facts.

In 1935, the Social Security Act became law, as well we know. What isn't so well known is that it provides the public health service with funds to assist states in establishing industrial health agencies. Only six states had such agencies in 1936. Today, nearly all the states and a mounting list of cities have them. In 1949, they were consulted by 26,000 employers, much in the fashion that farmers consult their County Agents.

HEALTH authorities the nation over are now urging cooperative efforts as the answer to the growing medical needs of smaller companies, who constitute the bulk of industry. They are helping in setting up medical centers or clinics, often with only as few as four employers supporting them. They are proving that such centers pay if in proper medical hands. They are calling attention to the "writing on the wall."

Until World War II, no state paid benefits to workers who were unemployed because of nonoccupational illnesses or injuries. Four states do today—Rhode Island, California, New Jersey and New York.

In 1948, the same year that Mississippi made Workmen's Compensation nationwide, the National Labor Relations Board ruled that pensions, health and welfare plans are within the scope of collective bargaining.

In 1950, the sixteenth National Conference on Labor Legislation recommended an over-all federal temporary disability law, but it didn't stop there. The Conference added that if federalization of disability insurance were not feasible immediately, *the states should adopt disability insurance laws to provide for state funds to be financed wholly by employer contributions.*

The italics are those of the Public Health Service editors. They point up only a part of the challenge that the industrial physician is rising today to accept.

Shepherds of Capitol Hill

(Continued from page 33)

tomorrow for an important vote."

At 4:15 the next morning a sleepy mailman and a newsboy swore they saw the congressman leap into his automobile and speed off in the direction of Washington.

One of Priest's chief concerns is that members often are not too anxious to vote unless their individual vote is recorded. As far as they are concerned, constituents will judge them by their recorded votes. Yet from the point of view of the party, there will be many amendments to H.R. 0000 and the likelihood is that most will be decided either by a voice vote or by a total count. From the numerical standpoint, nonrecord votes are many times more numerous than the individual yeas and nays.

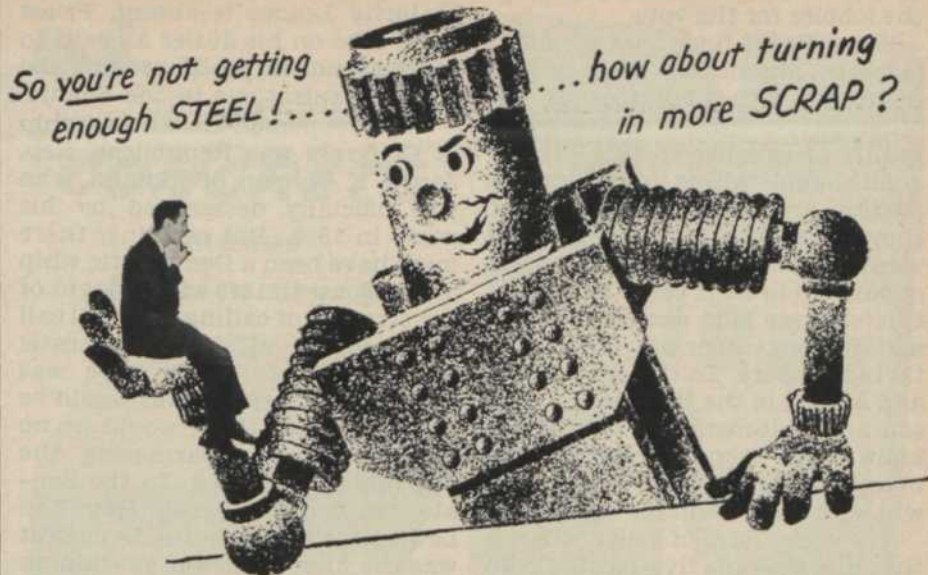
Another complication Priest faces is his general difficulty in determining just when the vote will come on H.R. 0000. So much depends on the number of amendments. In the Senate each year, there are only 40 or so unanimous consent agreements to limit debate. The rest of the time voting is a most irregular process.

The House, because of its size, has strict rules on the time allotted for debating amendments, yet more often than not Priest has to rely on his sixth legislative sense to gauge when the final vote will come. He knows from experience that if he has 20 minutes before a vote to round up his forces, he can produce the maximum number of Democrats no further away than the House Office Buildings across the street.

Priest knows that a minority whip with a sense of timing can undo the work of the electorate on occasion by hauling his maximum membership to the floor for a vote.

Being busy people, members of the House tend to drift away to their other many duties during amendment time. Democrats expect Priest to tell them how long the debate will last and when they should return. When they get back, they depend on Priest to tell them what the amendment issue is and what is involved.

This means that Priest must not only know every detail of the bill but he must also be on the floor almost without respite until the issue is settled. Because of his large membership, he relies on his assistants to bring the drifters up-to-



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date as they come running through the lobbies for the vote.

When Priest finds that members must be absent, he tries to pair them off with absentees of the other party. This is a process to nullify or equalize votes.

Although whips of opposing parties are natural antagonists, they abide by certain cooperative arrangements that are in direct opposition to their usual scrapping. One of these is to exchange information about their prevote polls of their members. In this way, Priest and Arends in the House and Johnson and Saltonstall in the Senate know with some certainty how many members of the other party will vote with them on an issue.

The other form of cooperation is the practice of live-pairing. In general pairing, both members are absent. But in a live pair, which is a gentleman's agreement between whips, a member of one party promises not to vote on a bill even though he will be present, but to permit himself to be paired off with an absent member of the other party who would have voted the opposite to him. This strange arrangement is honored today regardless of its effect on a vote.

But live pairs were not always honored. A quarter of a century ago, Sen. Walter F. George of Georgia was live-paired with an absent Republican senator on a bill to confirm a nomination. During the vote it became obvious that just one more vote would defeat the man whom the Democrats opposed. The Democratic whip quickly transferred Senator George's part of the live pair to an absent Democratic senator, thus creating a general pair. Senator George was then free to vote in person.

Even after the vote, should Priest find that H.R. 0000 is going to be defeated, he still doesn't give up. Generally, he appeals to party loyalty and tries to talk enough members into changing their votes before the Speaker announces the total. Sometimes, Priest can win the promise of some opposing Democrats not to answer the roll call vote the first time around, but to vote the way he wants them to the second time around, if he needs their votes. This is possible because after the 45 minute roll call vote is taken, the names of absentees are then called.

With the Speaker's final announcement, Priest's work ends on H.R. 0000. But there is no time to rest. He must rush right on with hundreds of other bills to be treated similarly, with notices, checks, vote-changing and round-

ing-up of members. When the Majority Leader is absent, Priest must take on his duties as well. So must Arends in the House and the whip organizations in the Senate.

The first person known as a whip in Congress was Republican Rep. James E. Watson of Indiana, who was officially designated by his party in 1899. But certainly there must have been a Democratic whip in the House in 1890 who thought of the strategy of calling for a roll call and keeping all his Democratic brothers quiet. Their hope was that enough Republicans would be absent so that there would be no quorum, thus embarrassing the Republican majority. In the Senate, red-bearded James Hamilton Lewis of Illinois and a Democrat was the first to answer as whip, in 1913, a full two years before Republican Sen. James W. Wadsworth.

Probably the most colorful whip was Charles Curtis, the Kaw Indian who later became Vice President under President Hoover. A Republican Senate whip from 1915 to 1924, Curtis was a familiar figure sitting in the last row of the Senate, between strategy confabs, while he held his charges in line.

Pat Boland of the House is remembered as the whip who leaned on the rail at the rear of the chamber, his arms folded while he surveyed the membership. Perhaps the most aggressive whip was the late Sen. Kenneth S. Wherry of Nebraska who, before he became Minority Leader, made innumerable whip checks and engaged in endless discussions with his senators to bring about party unity on important issues.

The whip's job has increased steadily since the beginning of this century when party regularity began to buckle under the weight of insurgents who came to Congress. At that earlier time, Sen. Eugene Hale of Maine could advise his fellow Republicans, "If you want to get away from the dog days of Washington you better vote these bills." And they did, too. Before the rise of the insurgents, each party was proud of its bellwether system of voting, in which members could be relied on to vote the way their first man in the alphabetical listing did.

Both parties are about equally affected in the House by the insurgent problem, while in the Senate the Democrats are the major sufferer. Recently, three Republican senators let the whip know in no uncertain terms that he was never again to poll them regarding their future votes. Pairing,

which historically was arranged between two congressmen of different political parties, often is done today between members of the same party. In some cases, the leaders of both the pro and con forces in a legislative fight over a bill belong to the same party. Take the debate not long ago on the basing point bill to permit manufacturers to absorb freight costs. Democratic Senators Pat McCarran and Estes Kefauver, respectively, led the proponents and opponents of the bill.

But the whip has to take all these complications in his stride and work that much harder to overcome them. He has only to recall that unpleasant March 10, 1925, to realize what a difference a whip can make.

On that day, the Senate was debating the confirmation of Charles Beecher Warren as attorney general to succeed Harlan F. Stone who had been advanced to the Supreme Court by President Coolidge. Warren had several enemies among the Republican majority and the vote was expected to be close.

After the debate had proceeded a few hours, Vice President Charles G. Dawes asked Sen. Wesley Jones, the Republican whip, whether the vote would come up that day. Assured that the debate would continue all day, Dawes retired to his hotel room a mile away for a nap.

But shortly after his departure, the debate collapsed and the vote to confirm Warren began. Whips on both sides rounded up their forces, checked their pairs and gave last-minute benedictions. At the halfway point in the vote, Jones suddenly realized that it was going to be closer than he expected.

In a frenzy, he rushed from the floor and urged Dawes by phone to hotfoot it back to the Capitol for the sake of the party. Dawes was met at the Senate landing by excited Republicans and carried up the stairs. But by then it was too late. The vote was over when Dawes came flying onto the Senate floor. The result was a 40 to 40 tie, the same as a defeat. Had he been present, Dawes could have cast the deciding ballot in favor of confirming Warren, for Senate rules provide that the Vice President may vote to break a tie.

As a result, Coolidge withdrew Warren's name and submitted another, John G. Sargent, who was subsequently confirmed. By a slip of the whip, Coolidge suffered the ignominy of being the first President since the stormy days of Andrew Johnson to have a Cabinet selection rejected by the Senate.

Positively No Fishing

(Continued from page 42)

Here in Virginia a ten-pound bass is out of this world. Let's just say that he was a monster.

Suddenly he balked and hung motionless thinking it over. Beside me Jim whispered: "Godamighty! He ain't a fish! He's a whale! All my life I've been fishing for a big fish and never hooked him. You come along with that infernal artificial contraption and—look out! There he goes! Don't lose him! Oh, don't lose that fish!"

I did my best and my best just wasn't good enough. I told you he was thinking it over. He wasn't whipped. He had one more Sunday punch. This time, when I put the pressure on him, the line snapped.

Exhausted, gasping for breath, drenched in our own sweat, we stared at each other as if the world had come to an end. Finally Jim whispered: "I told you not to lose that fish, son." He reached out then and touched the rod in my hand, and he said again: "All my life I've been fishing for a big fish and never hooked him." And this time there was a wistful quality in his voice.

Suddenly I no longer hated Jim Desper.

"Do you suppose," he whispered, "I could ever learn to throw one of them things?"

I was the one who jumped up and down now. "Easy," I remember saying. "In 30 minutes. Look. You hold it this way. Reel handle up. Elbow close to your side. Flip it back this way and flip it forward like this. See!"

I took a deep breath and then I went all the way overboard. That rod and reel and that tackle box and its contents stood me more than \$100, but I gave them to Jim Desper. One way you look at it, that was not such an unreasonable price to pay for the privilege of fishing in his lake the rest of my life. But I wasn't thinking about that. I had another reason for giving him my tackle.

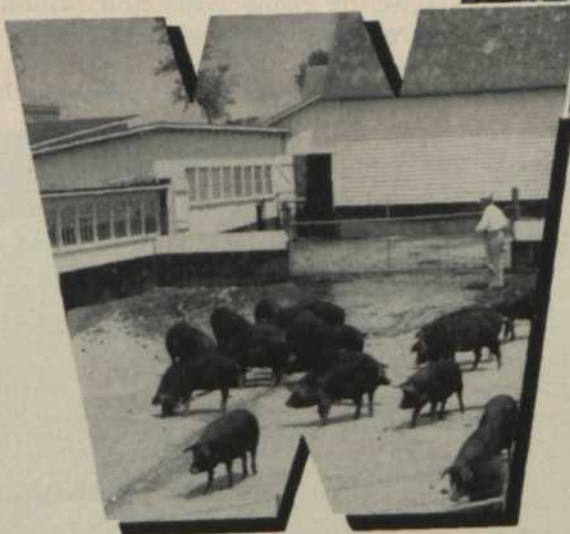
Some day I'll be out of the Army and home again. I'll have me a new fishing outfit then and I'll go fishing with Jim Desper. In the meantime I'll be thinking about him, and right now I am going to reread the last letter I had from my dad. In that letter it says that Jim has put in electricity and bought himself an automobile and a radio and even installed a telephone.

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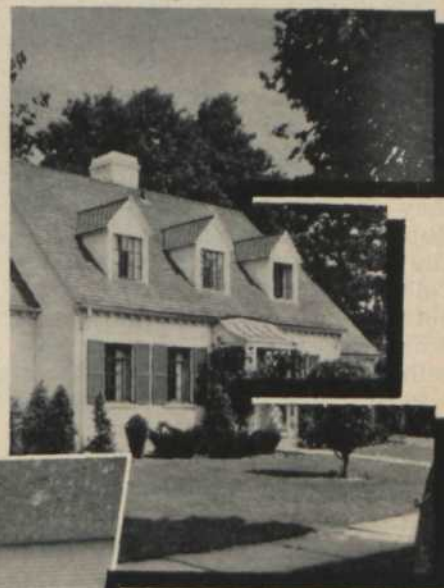
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Prexy Pace is the founder's son

Wall Street is Its Campus

By ARTHUR D. MORSE

WHILE larger, wealthier colleges are battling rising costs and falling enrollment, Pace steps off confidently on its greatest expansion program

RUPERTO V. TANKEH is a methodical young man. Once he had decided on a career in accountancy he interviewed the leading businessmen of his native Manila and asked them to recommend a school that would provide him with the best training. When they had given their advice, Ruperto nodded, packed his bags and journeyed 8,500 miles to Pace College in New York City. Any notions he may have had about American college life were dispelled during his first day at Pace.

Pace has neither a regular campus nor a football team and it is probably the only American institution of higher learning whose

president is not a college graduate. Far from any rolling green acres, the school is located in a skyscraper at 225 Broadway, overlooking the financial section of lower Manhattan. Its faculty members, instead of being summoned from ivory towers of contemplation often are recruited from the nearby halls of Wall Street.

If this sounds somewhat negative, Ruperto V. Tankeh, his 5,000 fellow-students and 70,000 Pace alumni can set the record straight—they think their alma mater is slightly terrific.

America's richest colleges, harassed by rising costs and falling enrollment, are facing the future

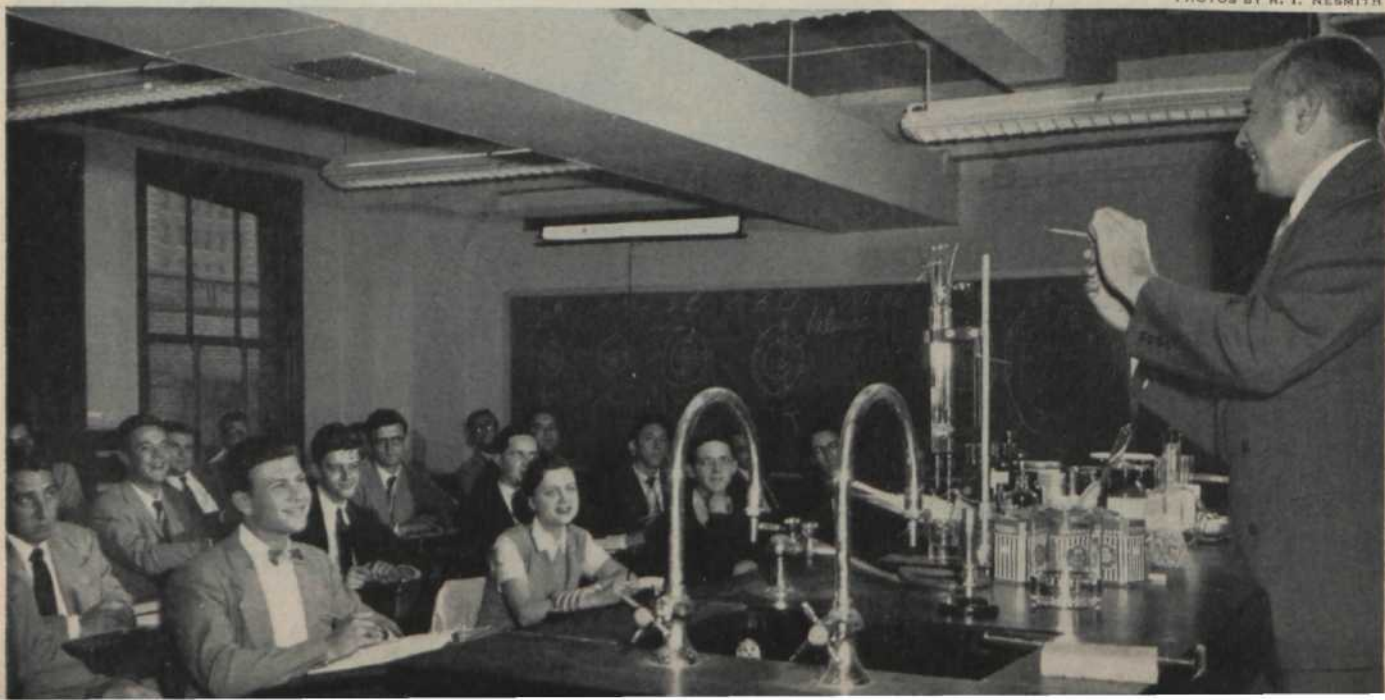
with pessimism but Pace, with no endowment, has launched its greatest expansion program. One item calls for an outlay of \$1,750,000 for the purchase and renovation of the 16-story building which will be its new home in 1952.

Although the price of an ivy-covered education has soared to a record \$7,000 to \$10,000, Pace offers a full four-year program for only \$2,200 and still clings to its founder's idea that no student should be turned away for lack of tuition.

As if this were not enough, Pace's traditional school of accountancy practice, which prepares students for C.P.A. exams and the bachelor of business administration degree,

Undergraduates must dress as they would if they were working in a business office

PHOTOS BY R. I. NESMITH



and its School of Business, which also confers the B.B.A., have fathered a purely cultural offspring, a new School of Liberal Arts.

These developments, plus the fact that the college's day and evening divisions are swamped by enrollments, lead to only one conclusion—Horatio Alger is still alive and kicking in America. For Homer St. Clair Pace, who founded the institution in 1906 and fashioned its philosophy, was a man right from the pages of Alger.

Homer Pace was born in Ohio in 1879. His father, a teacher and school superintendent whose salary consisted of little more than the gratitude of his community, died when Homer was a child. At the age of 16, with only a grammar school education, the boy borrowed some money to seek his fortune.

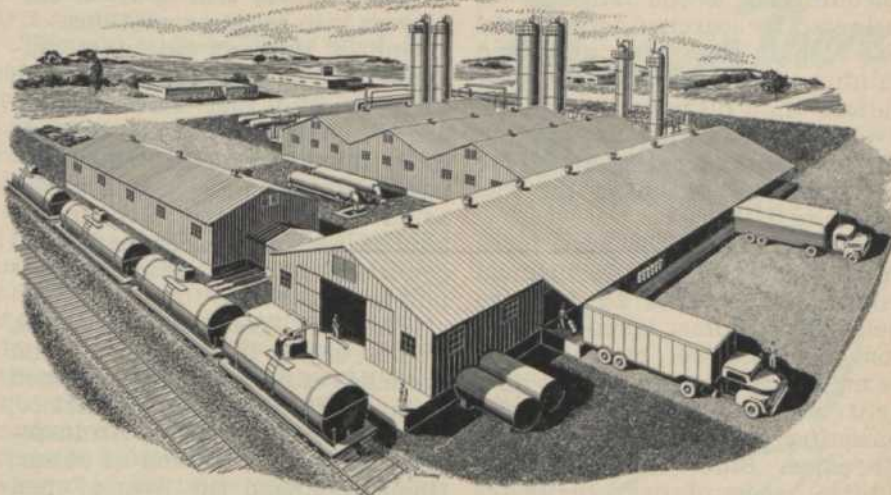
His first step, a secretarial course at the Ferris Institute in Big Rapids, Mich., was characteristic of his sense of personal direction. A tall, thin, gentle young man who parted his hair in the middle, Homer became an incredibly efficient stenographer. Thanks to a perceptive Michigan attorney named Blodgett, he also received an excellent apprenticeship in the law. With this groundwork he overwhelmed a civil service examination, becoming a secretary to the General of the Army of the Dakotas. Here was nurtured his lifelong abhorrence of bureaucracy.

It began when Homer's stenographic and typing skills upset the Army's casual clerical routine. The chief clerk ordered the irrepressible Homer to slow down and when he refused a plot was hatched whereby all his work had to be cleared through the clerk's office. This system spared the general and his oversized staff from being embarrassed by their overzealous secretary. It was also one of the reasons for Homer's resignation, the second being his accidental use of the general's private elevator.

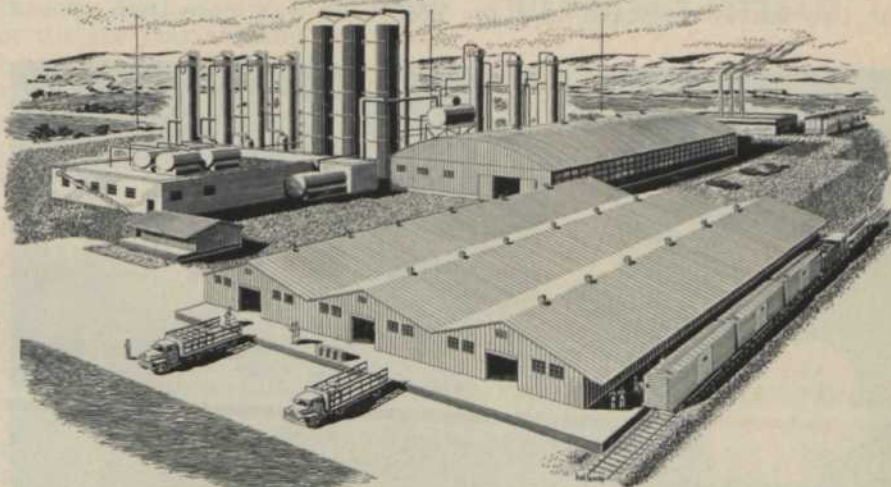
At the turn of the century Homer answered an advertisement in a St. Paul newspaper and after competing against a score of college graduates became secretary to A. B. Stickney, president of the Chicago Great Western Railway. It was the chance of a lifetime but when young Pace, with an Epworth League background, heard Stickney's furious cursing, he announced that he would quit if the profanity continued. Homer's ability had so impressed the railroad president that he regulated his swearing to periods when his new secretary was out of earshot.

Within a year Homer was in New

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York, promoted to secretary of the corporation that controlled the railroad. Having decided that "accountancy is the language of business," he searched for a school that could give him advanced training in this subject. He soon realized that his own knowledge, developed by voracious reading and his railroad experiences, far outstripped any teaching that was available.

Quick to realize the need for a school that could cater to business people who wanted to improve their status, Homer borrowed \$600 from a colleague, bought some secondhand furniture and set up a night school—Pace Institute—consisting of one classroom and one office. Since there were no suitable accountancy textbooks Homer started to write one and brought in his brother Charles, a lawyer, to prepare a law course. The two barely managed to stay

to-president myth into reality, turning out waves of precisely trained accountants who returned to menial jobs and spurred employers into rapid promotions.

One of Homer's brightest students was a lad named George Coppers who had started as a clerk in the accounting department of the National Biscuit Company. After winning a gold medal as Pace's best student, Coppers attended law school, became general counsel of National Biscuit and is now its president.

With New York under control, Homer began to spread out, and branches of Pace Institute cropped up in Washington, San Francisco, Boston and other cities. An inspirational speaker as well as writer, Homer changed the lives of men like Luther K. Watkins.

When Watkins listened to Homer's lecture at the Buffalo YMCA, he was more than 40 and

appointed deputy commissioner of internal revenue and was asked to straighten out the mess occasioned by the first income tax. He called Washington "a madhouse of inefficiency" and was appalled when he found hundreds of thousands of tax returns strewn about an armory. But he soon inaugurated a system of filing returns and his classification of industries according to their accounting methods led to new techniques of government auditing.

After the war Homer went into high gear. He added day classes to the Pace curriculum, wrote many of its textbooks, bought his own printing plant, launched one of the largest accounting firms in America, started the Pace agency for placements and published a national accountancy magazine.

When he died in 1942 his associates realized for the first time that Homer Pace had been a one-man administration—that for all his greatness he had neglected to delegate responsibility. He had held the school together by the sheer force of his personality, concerning himself with every minute detail from the filling of its fire extinguishers to the personal problems of its students.

The trustees turned to Homer's son, Robert, for a successor. He was appointed president.

Handsome, 47-year-old Robert Pace doesn't have the problems his father had running the old institute. Although his own formal education ended in high school, he has successfully fused his father's philosophy with modern concepts of education, strengthened the faculty and broadened the curriculum. When the new School of Liberal Arts grants its first B.A. degree in the near future, Robert Pace will have guided the institution to a point undreamed of by even its visionary founder.

Although the nonprofit school is becoming more and more orthodox in its educational approach, its principal traditions remain unchanged. Pace students must still dress as they would if they were working in a business office.

These rules, stricter than at most eastern universities are enforced and blue jeans and T-shirts are not in evidence among the students. In spite of its uncollegiate appearance and the natural sobriety of men and women who double in daytime and evening jobs, Pace has its full share of regular college activities, including athletics.

There is no football team, however, and its athletic squads, with one exception, do not emphasize



PHOTOS BY R. I. NESMITH

Students don't study English. They study "communications"

one lesson ahead of their students.

The first Pace pupil, James Hughes, proved to Homer that his educational ideas were sound. After passing the certified public accounting examinations, Hughes went on to become president of both the New York and New Jersey C.P.A. societies as well as president of what was then the national organization.

Homer, who had gained his C.P.A. in 1908, now became almost evangelical in his campaign for more and better accountants. As a result of this missionary zeal, Homer transformed the office boy-

only an assistant bookkeeper with a discouraging record of business failures behind him. Homer's oratory convinced Watkins to supplement his 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. bookkeeping with six evenings a week of the Pace course in preparation for the C.P.A. examinations. The same month that he completed his Pace work, Watkins was one of six candidates who passed the state exams: 134 took it. He went on to a prosperous career as an accountant, but out of respect for Homer he always found time to teach the Pace course at the YMCA.

During World War I, Homer was

the importance of victory. The baseball team, which won three games and lost ten last season, practices on a rocky infield in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn and plays its home games in distant Dexter Park on Long Island.

The basketball team, which won eight and lost 14, practices at the Brooklyn Navy YMCA and plays its home games at the Downtown Athletic Club in Manhattan. For three years running Pace has won the metropolitan intercollegiate championship in bowling.

Although Pace has a casual attitude about varsity sports, hundreds of students participate in intramural competition.

Although Robert Pace has brought in an outstanding group of professional educators as the bulwark of his faculty, the college still takes advantage of its proximity to the great financial houses, snaring part-time professors from the upper ranks of private enterprise.

Thus courses in Accounting Theory and Bank Accounting are taught by big, jovial Charles Agemian, comptroller of the Bank of the Manhattan Company. Agemian dramatizes the necessity for accounting controls with vivid descriptions of historic embezzlements and he draws from his own experiences to humanize bank management, auditing and administration.

Agemian's attitude about teaching typifies that of his colleagues who double in industry.

"I just can't imagine not teaching," he says, "and there will never be anything in my life as exciting as getting up in front of that first class."

Dr. William Leader, who was a member of the Rutgers University faculty before coming to Pace to organize its Department of Science, says that his students "are more mature in their attitudes than the average college man."

This view is shared by Peter Fingesten, a sculptor who teaches art to undergraduates and adult studies classes. Fingesten, who calls himself a member of the "bombast school of lecturing," reports that students who have been saturated with business courses respond excitedly to the glories of art.

The new liberal arts curriculum at Pace incorporates many advanced educational concepts. For example, students take a subject called communications instead of isolated courses in English. Communications combines the skills of reading, writing, speaking and list-

ening into one integrated course of study. It is a requirement for bachelor of business administration candidates as well as liberal arts students.

Though Homer Pace tried to solve his students' problems by giving them his personal advice, his son has organized an even more effective procedure with the establishment of a guidance department. In the first six months of 1951 more than 3,000 students were interviewed in connection with problems ranging from financial woes to the readmittance of a student who had left Pace because of severe headaches. This young man was cheerful at his interview, announcing that his headaches had ceased simultaneously with the arrival of his bride and departure of his mother. He was readmitted.

Students who complete the four-year day courses in accountancy practice, business and liberal arts, or the six-year evening programs have no trouble locating jobs, thanks to the efficiency of Pace's placement service. Alumni are permitted to register with placement as often as they wish.

With all these successful goings-on at his institution, Robert Pace speaks with most affection of the 13,262 veterans who have passed through Pace via the GI Bill of Rights. He can't remember one of them who wasted taxpayer money and they in turn consider him beyond compare as a college president. In the first place his door was always open to them and second, and most important, he was a GI himself.

Shortly after he became president, Robert Pace, at the age of 38, enlisted in the Army as a private. He served overseas, came out a corporal. His attitude was best expressed during his first day in the Army.

When Pace boarded a troop train enroute to basic training he was assigned to KP duty. The personnel officer, a captain, checking through the roster of recruits, noticed that his spud peeler had listed "college president" as his occupation.

The captain hurriedly dispatched a courier to fetch the grimy private.

"Er—ah—Pace, how's everything going?" asked the captain. "Do you think we've got this organized all right?"

"I'm fine, captain, just fine," answered Pace as he went back to his potatoes. Homer Pace would have been proud of that story—matter of fact Homer would be proud of everything that's happened at the old school.

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A Look or Two at '52

(Continued from page 27)

tion W) last summer, instalment credit jumped \$155,000,000 in one month. The Defense Housing Act and the easing of Regulation X requires smaller down payments on homes, gives more time to pay, provides Government loans to veterans who cannot get four per cent loans from private banks and bars control over down payments and mortgages in critical defense housing areas. This is already a reversal of what started out so bravely to be a government "get tough" restriction on both home construction and credit expansion, and is on the inflationary side. There will be even more hesitation to get tough in '52, an election year.

Those who have any legitimate reason to borrow will be able to get the credit they need at low interest. Banks will continue to carry present inventories rather than force liquidation by calling their loans.

After two abnormal buying waves, the first starting in June, 1950, (outbreak in Korea) and the second in November (China entered), consumers started saving with a vengeance last spring. In the first quarter of '51 they were saving 4.3 per cent of their disposable personal income. In the next quarter they were saving more than 9.5 per cent. This meant that personal savings were at the annual rate of \$9,300,000,000 and \$21,100,000,000 out of disposable incomes of \$217,500,000,000 and \$222,800,000,000 respectively for these two quarters.

For the entire year of '52 disposable income probably will exceed \$235,000,000,000 in spite of the new taxes. Even if savings fell to seven per cent of this they would total \$16,500,000,000 for the year, compared to the peak amount of \$35,400,000,000 in 1944.

Increases in savings, according to past experience, soon encourage rises in retail sales—if goods are available. This resumption of consumer spending will cause a gradual increase of retail sales. Liquid savings are, of course, stored up purchasing power.

Liquid assets of consumers (saving and loan shares, currency, demand deposits, time deposits and government securities) at the beginning of '52 were roughly three-and-a-half times those of 1940 and, even after correcting for inflation, represented real purchasing power

more than twice that of 1940. These will increase slowly but fairly consistently during the year.

A quota of 800,000 new nonfarm homes was set for 1951. This was exceeded by August and the year end smiled on slightly more than 1,000,000 new homes started as compared to 1,400,000 in 1950. Now 850,000 starts of nonfarm homes are talked of for '52 but, with the aid of a compassionate Congress, relaxed credit restrictions and the needs for new homes in critical defense areas, the year will end with little short of another 1,000,000 homes started—slightly above both 1947 and 1948 and about the same as 1949.

For the first half of '52 private commercial building will be cut severely. Educational building will be down slightly as will highway, sewer and water construction. However, the declines will be short and relaxed restrictions in the second half of the year will permit some increases.

Industrial plant construction will continue high throughout the year.

Construction in '52 probably will total almost \$27,000,000,000 compared to \$29,000,000,000 in '51. In actual physical volume, rather than dollars, this still exceeds the boom year of 1942.

Higher costs and expenses, including taxes, will lower manufacturing profits and dividends slightly in '52, compared to the first half of '51 but they will be above those for the second half of '51. Both net earnings and dividends should be higher in the second half than in the first. Even manufacturers of durable goods involving

cutbacks in metal allotments for the first half will find it possible to stay above break-even points with most allotments more liberal in the second half. Ingenuity in substitution and conservation of temporarily short materials will improve profit possibilities.

With total personal incomes up, more people working at higher wages and increased overtime, more disposable income, the great backlog of savings and liquid assets, a consumer debt that is still only about 41 cents for each dollar of liquid assets compared to 68 cents in 1940, and with farm and factory production expanding, there can be but one conclusion:

Purchasing power and living standards will increase during '52.

When March 15 rolls around those tax increases which took effect last November are going to bite harder than you think. The only satisfaction will be the realization that any further increase in '52 is improbable. The President will try for another early this year but Congress is taking the attitude that last November's increase is the last—short of all-out war, and besides, increasing taxes in an election year is bad political strategy. This means more government borrowing from both the people and the banks to make up the deficit. Borrowing from the people slows down inflation. Borrowing from the banks speeds it up.

Uncle Sam's "take" this year in taxes will be about \$65,000,000,000 or slightly less than 25 per cent of our national income. That is 13 times his "take" in 1939, and one-and-a-half times that of 1945, the last year of World War II. Much of what you will pay is concealed in prices. For instance, when you buy one of those "lowest priced" automobiles at \$2,000 just about \$600 in taxes is wrapped up in that price tag—\$584 it was last October.

Population is the primary element of a nation's resources. Markets are people with money to spend—and the desire to spend it. Our population increase this year will be greater than adding a new Philadelphia plus a new Rochester, N. Y., to the country. It will add the equivalent of a Worcester, Mass., or a Jacksonville, Fla., each month. During the year there will be approximately 1,850,000 marriages or new families and 3,800,000 babies will be born. Our population increase for the year will be more than 2,400,000.

Since it requires about a ton of food and nonalcoholic beverages to feed a person for a year, our population increase calls for the



growth, processing, distribution and sale of 2,400,000 more tons of food this year. With more mouths to feed, more bodies to clothe and transport, more families to shelter and more children to educate, the implication is obvious—a bigger market. Our population growth alone, even if per capita purchasing power remained the same, spells opportunity in '52, but increased per capita purchasing power will add its opportunities too.

Now, if really "queer" things happen in '52, it will be because people behave queerly, or because Stalin pulls a new trick out of his cap—real peace or real war. The consumer's mood—and all of us are consumers—is going to be decisive in '52. He can knock the whole economy completely haywire with another foolish splurge in inflation, or if he behaves himself, our standard of living will continue to rise indefinitely with plenty for everyone and dollars that inspire confidence in the future.

Insurance Goes to the Dogs

WHEN A FIRE destroyed the Beagle Club in Coraopolis, Pa., some years back, a number of pedigreed dogs died in the blaze. This gave Evan Stineman, who raises champion beagles in South Fork, Pa., an idea: Why shouldn't dog owners be able to insure valuable animals?

So he framed an original policy, a simple one that anybody could understand, and sent it around to a number of insurance companies. One company showed an interest and Stineman was in business.

Today he will insure any dog registered by the American Kennel Club for market value and his policies range from \$50 to \$2,500.

From the beginning, he specialized in policies for beagles since he was widely acquainted with that breed. But as his business began to grow he spread out to other breeds and his insurance company went along with him.

Stineman's policies cover dogs in the event of accidental death, theft or disappearance. To enhance the spread of business, he added a professional handlers policy which covers dogs while under a handler's care.

In addition, Stineman sells what he aptly calls "visiting matron's" insurance. This properly insures female dogs against hazards when they are sent to stud.—PHIL HENRY

*That's putting
it mildly*

Clipped from recent
issue of a leading
business magazine

...in the future of business generally would permit its payout rate to rise much above its recent levels.

For one thing it must continue to plow back a huge amount of earnings to finance its still enormous capital expenditures. It needs more working funds, too, to carry swollen inventories and receivables. And in the first half of next year it is going to have to accumulate enough cash to take care of 70% of its heavy 1951 federal tax bill.

• **Not Too Flush**—At the moment, too, business generally isn't too flush with cash resources. While corporate working capital has been rising to one new historic high after another, liquidity ratios for some months have been showing a disturbing downtrend because costs and taxes are rising even faster.

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He Changed the Face of Washington

(Continued from page 44)

McShain continued, warming up to his subject, "if it will make anyone happier you can tell 'em that I'm a Republican. And a Union League Republican, too!"

How did a Republican build such a record?

His friend and hot competitor, Philadelphia contractor Matthew McCloskey supplies a part of the answer:

"McShain wasn't too dangerous a threat to us until 1936. Then I beat him on a \$6,000,000 job at Pennsylvania State College by \$1,600—a tight squeak if there ever was one.

"A few minutes after the award was announced we met on an elevator. McShain was fighting, snarling mad. He told me that friendship was one thing—but that from there on in, it was him or me.

"I'll beat you, McCloskey," he said, 'if it's only by the price of a nail. And I'll beat you every chance I get.'"

"And he has, too," McCloskey added a trifle sadly, "too often and by more nails than I want to remember now. I really believe that today John McShain can figure a job tighter than most men alive."

Another friend, John B. Kelly, the oldtime oarsman and admittedly the greatest bricklayer in the world, has his version: "By 1929, John McShain had read more fine print on contracts than any other builder in the business. And it was the fine print on contracts he had missed.

"He learned all the old tricks. He tried new ones. He profited by others' mistakes and made some that had never been made before. He became a perfectionist."

The genesis of the "perfectionist" doesn't follow closely Horatio Alger lines. His father, John McShain, who was a carpenter, moved from Derry, Ireland, in 1881 to Philadelphia.

There he worked as a foreman in an infant construction company set up by his brother, William, two years before.

The company struggled along, doing mostly piecework in the churches, convents and schools until 1889 when William died. From then until his own death in 1919 the elder John McShain, whom his son recalls as "a gentle, frugal man who wouldn't buy a suit of clothes if it meant denying any of the four children anything," ran the busi-

ness, successfully, but conservatively.

Early in 1921, with one year completed at Georgetown University and a journeyman carpenter's card in his pocket, young John McShain surveyed his legacy. After debts were paid he had about \$850 in a savings fund, a tacky one-room office over a garage at 1610 North Street and a Ford Model T roadster. He also had another asset, acquired at birth—a remarkable capacity for hard work.

Along the line, he spent about six months at the Drexel Institute of Technology. Primarily, he says today, "so I could tell when a blueprint was right side up." To carpentry he added a smattering of plumbing, steel work, electrical work, masonry and nearly every other trade that goes into the making of a building.

Albert D. Battista, head of one of the nation's biggest stonework firms, relates one instance to show how McShain's construction omniscience pays off today—principally for McShain.

"When it comes to stone," says Battista, "I'm good—better than most.

"When two men in a business agree, one of them is unnecessary."

—William Wrigley, Jr.

"On the new General Accounting Office we worked like dogs, trimming pennies everywhere, figuring out shortcuts that might save even a dollar on 100 feet. Finally, we turned the cost estimates over to McShain.

"Two days later I got my estimates back. They were all marked up. Some prices were changed. Some shortcuts I never dreamed of were penciled in. The upshot of it all was that the stonework, by McShain's figuring, cost \$100,000 less than the best minimum we could offer."

Kelly, a proud man when it comes to laying brick, says "you're lost once John starts beating away on prices." And other subcontractors echo Battista's and Kelly's complaint about McShain's closeness. But in the same breath they will admit that "so long as contracts go to the lowest bidder

we'll work for McShain, or we won't work."

McShain's tightfistedness and close figuring don't begin or end with the subcontractors. According to Paul Book, his job superintendent at the National Institutes of Health, a boss will lose money for McShain on only one job. He'll never get another.

Paul Fry, a financial expert who has been with McShain 13 years, tells another story which not only illustrates McShain's hatred of extravagance, but also reveals a strange paradox in the man.

"A few years ago my wife wasn't too well so maybe a few things slipped by me that ordinarily wouldn't.

"At any rate the boss comes in this day, waving a brief case, fire shooting out of his eyes. He wants to know why in hell I'm spending good money on scratch paper, a couple dozen special pencils, six staplers—all in all about \$250 worth of stationery we need on a \$5,000,000 job.

"It was the staplers that hurt him most. He wailed and hollered and he couldn't understand why we couldn't build a building without staplers.

"I tried to explain. Finally, he calmed down and left the office, stopping only long enough to jam an envelope into my hand.

"Inside was a little note telling me that he hoped my wife would get better soon and that he'd be away for a couple of weeks—and that maybe the enclosure would help. The enclosure was a check for \$1,000."

As another strange twist, McShain, unlike most builders will not lay off his top men when a particular job is completed or when work is slack. Instead he keeps them on the payroll, pushing brooms if necessary, until another job is lined up. But after a job begins he drives his men unmercifully. Once, while the Pentagon was being built, the overworked job boss, Paul Hauck, was ordered to take a two-week vacation to avoid a collapse. McShain subbed for Hauck. In those two weeks he outstripped Hauck's best work schedules and set up new ones which made it possible to complete in months the world's largest office building, which today houses about 30,000 Government workers.

This penchant for speed crops up in almost everything McShain does. He tries to inspect every job at least once a week. He moves from floor to floor at a killing pace, his crew chiefs trailing behind at a dogtrot. One evening, several

months ago, he started to tour the General Accounting Office—a nine-story structure of 2,800,000 square feet—accompanied only by an after-hours guard, Ira Crispell.

A few minutes after they had started, Crispell came tearing out of the building to sound the alarm that "I have lost Mr. McShain and he's probably fallen off a girder." Within a few moments police were swarming all over the building in search of the fallen McShain—when he suddenly appeared from an exit at the opposite end of the building. Informed of the reason for the commotion, he apologized to everyone and explained simply that he "was pretty busy these days and I have to get my inspections over in a hurry."

Despite his willingness to take smaller profits than most contractors, McShain has made money. Now 53, though he looks only 40, his friends claim that his initial net worth of \$850 has grown to something up in the top brackets.

The not-so-grim specter of "imminent poverty" has been no deterrent to McShain. As money became plentiful, he blossomed out. In contrast to the popular notion of the tough builder—the red-necked, ham-handed, whisky-drinking bruiser—McShain is almost dainty.

Steel gray, blue-eyed and the proud owner of a flawless mustache, he wears expensively tailored clothes with a style and grace. He is only five feet, seven inches, with the faintest trace of an Irish brogue.

In 1927 he married Mary Horstmann, who still "dates her husband for dancing or the opera." They have one daughter, Pauline, a nun in the Order of the Society of the Holy Child of Jesus.

A few years ago McShain, the builder, went off on a tangent. In quick succession he bought the Barclay Hotel in Philadelphia, the Ambassador and Claridge Hotels in Atlantic City, a half interest in the Atlantic City Traction Company and a large auto and truck agency. His own explanations for these digressions are vague. Of the Barclay Hotel, he had this to say:

"It was nice for Mrs. McShain and me. We had 50 guests for the Army-Navy football game in 1950. And it was pleasant to have some place to put them up."

Closer to the real answer is an irrepressible McShain trait. By his own admission there is a ceiling on how much money any one man can plow into the construction game. It would pain McShain to have money around not working to pro-

duce more money. Hence, the hotels and other offshoots.

This doesn't mean that McShain is guilty of the slightest infidelity to his first love: the building business. Often he has said "the happiest moments of my life have been spent watching steam shovels."

If this is so, McShain's future should be one of boundless joy. Not that he will win every job he tries for. Only recently he was deeply hurt and disappointed when he missed the contract to build a new animal house for Washington's Zoo by a scant \$25,000. And he knows that he will be hurt and disappointed again and again.

But the failures will be rare when monuments like the Jefferson Memorial or the White House are up for bid. These jobs McShain estimates and bids with a minimum of staff help.

Shortly after the Jefferson Memorial was completed, McShain tipped his hand on his real feelings: "I would rather break even on a memorial than make \$1,000,000 on a warehouse." Part of this present day altruism is due, naturally, to the fact that he no longer needs to make money. But a more telling reason is that he is as intensely patriotic as he is competitive.

The matter of who will eventually succeed McShain, there being no heir in sight, should be of no concern to his associates or employees. McShain has said that his old employees will not suddenly find themselves stranded should something happen to him. Definite plans for the future of the business have been made, he says.

McShain is too consumed by his ruling passion for work to bother about the future for himself.

But if it is true, as Charles B. Fairbanks once wrote, that buildings are books that everyone unconsciously reads, it is safe to say that McShain won't quit until he's one of the best read authors in the land.

In such a vein, it was only a short time ago that a Washington radio commentator, apparently impressed by a new rash of McShain's construction signs, made this half-facetious, half-truthful forecast:

"Until now we have been more than satisfied with the road markers on the outskirts of our town: 'You are now entering Washington—the nation's capital.'"

"But I am afraid that the day is not far off that we will have to rip down those markers and put up new ones which can only say: 'You are now entering Washington—built by John McShain.'"

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High Steel's For Indians

By EMILE C. SCHURMACHER

WITH the wanderlust and the love for lofty work in their blood, the Mohawk have made an enviable record in the construction world

WHEREVER a wide river is being spanned or the girders of a lofty building start groping for the sky it's almost certain that there'll be raising, fitting and riveting gangs of Canadian Indians named Beauvais or Diabo, Stacy or Williams, Jacobs or McComber, Lahache or Rice on the job.

They're Mohawks of the Caughnawaga band whose reservation on the St. Lawrence is a stone's throw from Montreal and they're probably the most nonchalantly sure-footed and daringly competent high steel workers in the world. They are also the most restless and nomadic.

For more than 65 years Caughnawagas, their dads and their granddads before them have been instinctively drawn to high steel like a magnet. They've coaxed and bullied and sweated over it from the towering Empire State Building, the new U.N. Building, Rockefeller Center, George Washington Bridge and other imposing structures in New York City to the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco and the Smith Tower in Seattle. They've roamed north and south, erecting construction milestones from the 3,524 foot span of the Huey P. Long Bridge in New Orleans to the 47-story Penobscot Building in Detroit.

Despite their skill and courage many have died while working high steel, sometimes by a misstep as in the case of John Diabo who fell off a beam while working as a buckner-up in a riveting gang on Hell Gate Bridge, sometimes in a sweeping disaster as when the nearly completed span of the Quebec Bridge collapsed and 96 men, 35 of them Caughnawagas, died in the St. Lawrence below. But such tragedies have never kept other Indians of the band from high steel.

It was in 1886 that the Caughnawagas first demonstrated their unusual aptitude for work aloft and their complete indifference to height or danger. At the time the Dominion Bridge Company of Canada was planning to build a bridge across the St. Lawrence

River for the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The selected site was Lachine on one side of the river and part of the shore of the Caughnawaga Reservation on the other.

To speed negotiations with the chiefs of the Indian band, representatives of the bridge company and of the railroad suggested that there would be plenty of work for any Caughnawagas who wished employment. What they had in mind was pick and shovel and other unskilled jobs, but despite their unfamiliarity with construction the Caughnawagas did not see it that way.

They took jobs, but they didn't work consistently. They swarmed over scaffolds and catwalks at every opportunity, climbing high out over the St. Lawrence to watch fascinatedly the work others were doing.

At first they were tolerated, foremen reasoning that the racket of riveting and the unprotected height would soon conspire to chase them back to their jobs. But the Indians didn't scare.

Then the foremen began to get peeved, particularly when the Indians asked to try out the riveting guns. The job superintendent was called in and soon an engineer was assigned to investigate the Indians' fascination for working aloft. He discovered that, despite lack of experience, they seemed to be natural-born steelworkers. Operating a riveting gun before their eyes was like showing candy to a kid and telling him he couldn't have any.

As good high steel workers were scarce, company officials decided that it might be worth while to train a few of the most persistent. A dozen or so were selected to work in the riveting gangs. Such a gang consists of four men working in close teamwork. There is a heater, sticker-in, buckner-up and the riveter who operates the gun. Each of the four can do the work of any other and occasionally all exchange jobs.

The Indians learned rapidly. In fact they advanced so fast that after a short period the riveting



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Canada's Caughnawagas helped to build the Delaware River Bridge

gangs were puzzled to discover they were no longer training the original dozen Caughnawagas but complete strangers. The shrewd Indians were rotating with equally eager friends.

By the time the bridge was completed there were 72 instead of the original dozen or so who had become proficient workers in high steel. What was more, they had organized themselves into gangs of their own and soon began roaming Canada looking for construction work. They found it too and before long companies were bidding for their services.

They had only one peculiarity. No matter how excellent the working conditions, wages or amount of overtime, after working on a job for a few months or perhaps weeks an Indian gang, never talkative at best, might suddenly become silent and a little moody. There'd be a day or two of this brooding. Then the gang wouldn't show up for work.

Nothing more would be heard concerning the gang until pay day. Then a Caughnawaga from another gang would appear at the paymaster's window and request his friends' wages so he could send them to where the vanished gang was working on another job perhaps thousands of miles away.

Born with the wanderlust as well as the love for high-altitude work, the Caughnawagas soon began drifting into the United States. According to the John Jay Treaty concluded in 1794 with Great Britain, an Indian has the right to travel freely across our northern border. A Caughnawaga needs no passport. He just shows a card with his photograph attached, certifying that he is a member of the band.

The reputation of the Caughnawagas preceded them and they found ready employment with the big American companies. They took a liking to the North Gowanus section of Brooklyn and many of them have rented apartments or bought houses there which they maintain in addition to their own homes on the Caughnawaga Reservation. Nearly all of them have cars and drive back and forth between the reservation and Brooklyn when they are not working.

In Brooklyn, they are known locally as "Gowanus Indians" a name which the Mohawks of the Caughnawaga band don't particularly like. They, themselves, refer to a strip of Fourth Avenue near which most of them live as Caughnawaga Main Street. They like that.

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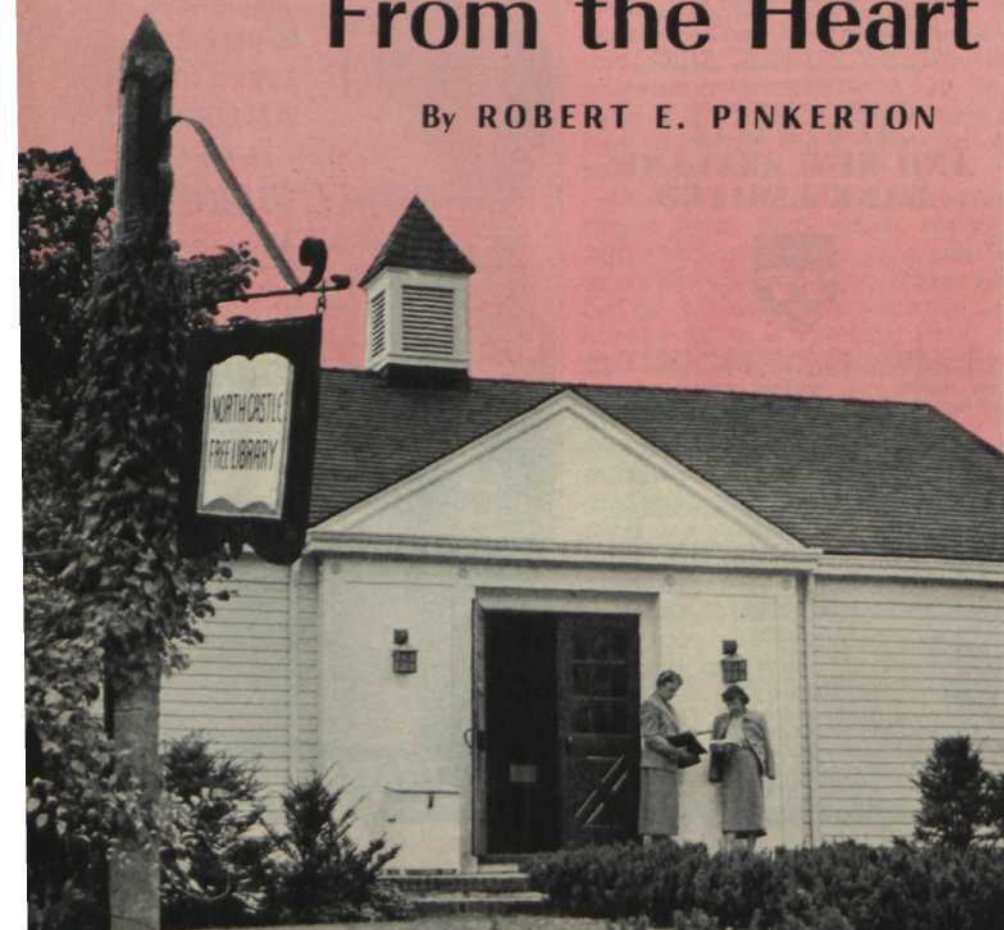
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Anyone in the township who wishes to read may do so, getting material from the bookmobile that cruises far from main roads

Books that Came From the Heart

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON



ARMONK had been without a library for a long time—until a few women made it an issue of civic pride

A WOMAN real estate broker became ill and, in a long convalescence, found it difficult to get books. A visiting nurse, with a patient eager to read, could not find books. She advertised in the village paper and had no response. One family which had a few books was said to hide them when guests were invited to avoid appearing snooty. All this happened 30 miles from midtown New York.

Out of the book hunger of those two people grew a library more remarkable than Andrew Carnegie's. From one angle, it is the finest library in the United States, for it was built by the courage and devotion and indefatigableness of a small group of women. Now, in their fourteenth year, efforts have not lessened. In 1950, circulation was 18,000 volumes in a population of 3,500 scattered over 30 square miles. They receive no town or local tax money. They raise funds and do all the work. When people do not come to the library, they take books to the people.

One of the easiest jobs we have is to dream up ideas for civic betterment, and most of us do. One in 1,000 carries past the dream stage and blows off steam by telling someone else. That ends it. These women blew off plenty of steam but kept on generating more. They never quit in the two long years before they had a library, and they haven't quit since. Hundreds of similar communities throughout the country could do as well—if they have the same kind of women.

This job of library building was done in Armonk, a small village in Westchester County, north of New York City, that dates to pre-Revolutionary times. It never had a railroad or an industry, except

when cobblers gathered to make shoes. Agriculture wasn't too successful and fields were overgrown. Today few farms are left. Young people drifted away or worked at road building and for utility companies. Others found jobs in more progressive communities nearby. Except for a small drugstore circulating library providing only love and mystery stories, reading matter was unavailable even for school children. A nonfiction book was unheard of.

Twenty years ago New Yorkers, "commuters," began to buy land and build homes in North Castle township, of which Armonk is the center. When the library movement was started, no more than a dozen lived there. Today commuters and their families form about half the population. It is not a show place like many in the New York area, a center of great wealth. A few large estates have been established but a majority of the homes are in the medium class, most of them hidden in the woods on side roads throughout the district.

An early real estate broker was Julia Bennett, who opened an office in Armonk in 1934. When she became ill two years later the idea of the library was born. After she recovered she went to the village school and discussed it with two teachers, Mrs. Lucile Kittredge and Mrs. Emily Golden, who long had recognized the need of books for their pupils. The three talked library but soon realized they must have a larger group. Out of this grew the "original eight."

"I only molded the first little snowball," Miss Bennett said. "It was the others who took up the direction and made it grow."

But Miss Bennett is still a member of the executive committee and has worked for many years.

Those first eight were a representative lot, though in the timid beginning it included men. After the first three came Mrs. Warren J. Hall, a writer, and her husband, New York journalist and owner of the village weekly. The latter provided publicity. Harold Crittenden, school principal, was another, as was William F. MacDonald, Jr., a banker. Mrs. Caroline Greenacre, retired teacher and mother of Mrs. Hall, joined the group and became one of the hardest workers. Another was Mrs. Ann Crowley, a teacher.

Work as they did, they still didn't get far. One of the first ideas was a tax on real estate to support a library. Canvassing a few voters soon showed this was not going to

work. The view was, if a citizen had gone all his life without seeing a book, or wanting to, why should he pay a larger assessment to provide reading matter no one would read?

"We kept working and planning," Mrs. Hall said. "We held two and three meetings a week, and these weren't short sessions with bridge afterward. We discussed ways and means until 11 p.m. and later. We meant to have a library."

After two years of ceaseless effort, they got one. In July, 1938, it was opened in a small room rented for \$15 a month. Women alone were in the saddle now and they became librarians, though none knew anything about classification, cataloguing or how to check books out and in. They did put books in the hands of school children and of some adults, and that's what they had worked for.

That first Armonk library was a crowded little place. Readers and books jammed it. At the rear was a cubicle where books were stored, and where tea was prepared and dishes washed for promotional meetings and fund raisings. More women joined and were assigned hours of duty. Others searched the township for money, for books, for volunteers, but always the library lacked room, and books, and funds.

Before long it was realized that the complexion of North Castle township was changing. Important people had come and built homes. It was decided to get them behind the library for advice, backing—and money.

One of the first to become interested was Walter S. Gifford, then president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, later its board chairman and now ambassador to Great Britain. He was not only a leader in industry and finance but in civic, social, medical, educational and university work. Gifford was impressed by the efforts people of Armonk had made to build a library. He offered them \$3,000 for a new and adequate building.

"With a string," he said. "In an enterprise like this it is necessary, for complete success, that the people contribute. Recipients of the benefits will appreciate them far more if they feel it is their library. So I will give the money on condition North Castle township raises an equal amount."

This was only a routine challenge to the women. They brewed gallons of tea, burned more gallons of gasoline in family cars, talked to townspeople, commuters and



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anyone else who would listen. They hired sitters for their children so they could keep on the road, badgered weary husbands on their return from New York at night, kept the weekly newspaper filled with reports and pleas—and double-matched Gifford's \$3,000 with \$6,000.

Gifford was right. The campaign did more than raise money. It aroused the native peoples to what a library could mean. Children read books and talked of them to their parents. Parents began to take books home. The whole countryside was conscious of books. It was discovered that books did not necessarily tell stories, that they presented facts as exciting, that the mind and imagination were aroused, that life took on a different color and a new meaning. One of the best examples of what the library did for the people of Armonk is the fact that boys, in grade school then, send contributions from Korean battlefields.

Not only the village was stirred by the dynamic drive for funds. Interest of commuters was aroused and they gave time and money. Newcomers enrolled as library assistants.

When the building began to take shape on Whippoorwill Road, opposite the Armonk school, other gifts came. The Charles V. Paterno family gave \$1,500 for decorations. Aline Bernstein, Broadway stage designer who has a home in the district, supervised the work. When the library was completed, its surroundings as raw as those of all new buildings, the Paternos moved in again. Trucks brought full-grown trees, rolls of sod, shrubbery and flowers. Village people gaped as they watched the site transformed, a lawn laid in a few hours, big trees going right on living in a new home. This job alone was worth \$5,000, and it gives to the library a fit physical setting for the spirit of the women who made it possible.

The new building was opened in 1941. It has a children's room, an adult room and a nonfiction room. It also has a kitchen for the fund and recruiting teas that never cease.

Each wall is covered with books to the ceiling and the library now has 11,000 volumes.

When Gifford closed his town house he cut down his library by 1,000 books and gave them to Armonk.

"This was one of the biggest thrills in the work," said Miss Bennett, who helped classify them. "To sit on the floor surrounded by a

thousand books, so many I'd heard of but had never seen!"

When the library was incorporated, the men of North Castle township were proud to serve as trustees. The first president of the board was Courtney C. Brown, assistant to the president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. He, Gifford and Dr. Rufus Cole, retired Rockefeller Institute researcher, are now honorary trustees. The present board is headed by John A. Hill, president of Air Reduction Company.

Others today are Benjamin Strong, president of the United States Trust Company of New York; Hamilton Hadley, son of a famed Yale president and an historian; Richard S. Cohen, department store owner; Walter H. Johnson, Jr., vice president of the Marine Midland Trust Company of New York; George E. Grant, an editor of *Reader's Digest*; Joseph H. Willits, an executive of the Rockefeller Foundation; Walter Weil, vice president of Commercial Factors, Inc. Two local families

"You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves."

—Abraham Lincoln

whose roots in North Castle go back to the 1600's are represented by trustees James Hopkins, attorney and township supervisor, and Harold Brundage.

The trustees meet four times a year and rarely without full attendance. While they give financial and other advice, they freely admit the women do all the work.

Operation of the library lies with the executive committee, of which Mrs. Samuel A. Datlowe is chairman. Head librarian is Mrs. James D. Hopkins. Seventy-five women are active workers, take assignments as librarians, and rarely miss being on the job. They check books in and out, classify and catalog and assist readers to find the right material. The only paid worker is a part-time caretaker. At this writing a paid librarian was not contemplated.

Despite its success, the women knew they were not reaching all potential readers—especially children, old people and invalids. The answer again came from Gifford. He bought a new truck to be converted into a "bookmobile" and provided a fund to keep it running.

The gift was a memorial to his son, killed in the crash of a Navy plane.

Requests were sent to the New York State Library and to the American Library Association for truck conversion plans. None was to be had, so the women made their own. To carry as many books as possible, the two checking desks got so little space the crews were held down to "size 16's." The bookmobile went into operation in 1946 and immediately circulation increased. It makes two or three trips every ten days on each of seven to nine routes over a total of 75 miles.

The peculiar shape of North Castle township carries it down to White Plains, where it includes a small district known as North White Plains, along the railroad tracks. The first time the bookmobile visited it, no one came out at the sound of the truck's musical horn, which plays "Annie Rooney." Now, at each of several stops there, 12 to 18 people come for books. One Negro family of eight children is always waiting. An old man, a cripple, cannot get to the street and the librarians carry books to him each trip.

Today, anyone in the township who wishes to read may do so. As Gifford predicted, residents contributed and have come to believe this is their library. The villagers eagerly point it out to visitors.

As in all modern libraries, efforts are not confined to books. Art shows are given, often displaying the work of several artists in the district. The women have photographic exhibits, hobby shows, anything to arouse interest, to bring people to books.

This little library, off the railroad and main highways, hidden in the hills and forest, has all the problems of big city institutions. Rising costs in publishing increase the strain on purchase funds. The women have noted the trend away from fiction to nonfiction, and the demand for this type of book is growing. They have even felt the effect of television.

"It is noticeable," Mrs. Hall said. "Our adult circulation in 1951 is lagging behind that of last year. However, our juvenile borrowing is heavier than ever."

On the sides of the bookmobile these words are painted, "North Castle Free Library," and that is what it has been. The women who conduct it are particularly proud of a photograph of Walter S. Gifford which hangs just inside the entrance, for his inscription speaks of the library as "a free institution voluntarily supported by free citizens in a free country."

Sure-seaters Discover an Audience

(Continued from page 36)

play for several months. The Sutton Theater has shown pictures for as long as nine months. All right. People keep on talking about the picture and small ads continue to appear in the papers, stimulating interest among the mass audience for release on the circuits, where the juicy profits are made.

"Sure-seaters never have been exploited properly because the major studios still stick to distribution methods that have ruined more than one fine picture. MGM's 'Intruder in the Dust' is cited as a classic example of a great picture that flopped. Sure it did, because it opened in a Broadway house that featured Westerns, confusing the theater's regular clientele. Had it gone into a sure-seater and acquired the word-of-mouth praise it deserved, it wouldn't be remembered as an artistic triumph and a commercial failure.

"Sure-seaters are not the answer to all the movies' headaches. All I claim is that they can keep the movie-going habit alive among mature people and, at the same time, pipe down untrue cultural criticism that hurts the industry's public relations. The essential job of a producer, one that should occupy 95 per cent of his attention, is to give people what they want in the best possible taste. The remaining five per cent of his effort should be devoted to raising artistic standards. The sure-seater encourages such attempts by reducing the element of financial risk.

"Many art pictures have failed because they were dull. They didn't have to be. 'Hamlet' and 'Henry the Fifth' were straight Shakespeare, but they were as exciting as a cops-and-robbers chase."

Time was when sure-seaters depended exclusively on foreign studios for their attractions, giving rise to the myth that Hollywood was far inferior to the European masters. The truth is that only one or two per cent of all pictures made abroad ever see the light of day in this country. The rest can't be shown here for fear the customers will tear up the seats. It was not by design that sure-seaters formerly showed "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" three times a year or brought back repeatedly "by popular demand" such gems as "Pygmalion" and "Mayerling." There were not enough new art pictures available to supply the demand.

Foreign production costs were so low that a few small European companies could afford to make an occasional picture with limited appeal. American studios, saddled with high overheads, had to beam their products to the mass audience. That idea was thrown out of the window by Stanley Kramer, the latest boy wonder of the industry who demonstrated with "Champion" and "Home of the Brave," that fine films could be made on low budgets in Hollywood.

Each picture was produced for \$400,000, an unheard of figure in this day, and cleared a combined profit of \$1,000,000. Kramer didn't hit the jackpot in sure-seaters, of course. There is a pretty rigid formula that governs movie profits. A picture must do 1.9 times the cost of production and negatives distributed to exhibitors before it breaks even. Kramer, therefore, had to gross \$760,000 on each picture before he was off the hook and that kind of money can be made only on the big circuits. The attention the pictures stirred up in the sure-seaters paved the way for a general release which otherwise might not have been given Kramer.

Kramer didn't use high-salaried stars, fancy sets or color, which can add \$600,000 to the over-all cost of a picture. He merely followed an old maxim of the theater—the play's the thing. Kramer's themes were engrossing, handled realistically and people came a-running.

The sure-seater has a subtle snob appeal that helps at the box office. You go into a theater that has a few tasteful paintings in the lobby and a maid serves you a demitasse of coffee. You've just paid top admission prices, but the coffee creates a pleasant aura. Then you're shown to a comfortable seat in a well mannered audience.

The show lasts two hours; there is no Class C horror or murder mishmash to pad out a double-feature program. You see a picture that assumes you have average intelligence and it's such a refreshing switch that you are flattered to be among such perceptive folks who are sharing the experience.

The brisk sure-seater business suggests that the market for truly worth-while movies is expanding steadily. Maybe, to paraphrase Mencken, no one will go broke crediting the American public with good taste.

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A scene from "The Magic Key"

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—F. C. INGRAM, Chamber of Commerce, Estherville, Iowa

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There's Something About a Fire

(Continued from page 48)

Over the years, he has performed such service that most buffs feel it unfair that he is an honorary battalion chief rather than an honorary deputy chief.

This same sort of unselfishness has characterized the behavior of a New York physician named Harry Archer, who, at 82, continues to add to the 20,000-odd fires which he estimates he has attended. While still in medical school, Archer, whose father was president of the Erie Railroad, used to minister to the injured at fires and for decades was the New York Fire Department's honorary doctor.

Since 1941, however, when he was appointed a second deputy commissioner, he has been a regular member of the department.

The work performed by men like Archer and Steinhardt has won the admiration and gratitude of working firemen and executives alike. "They will go into fired buildings," says Deputy Commissioner Nathan C. Horwitz of New York, "go up fire escapes, stretch hose, make couplings to join hose together. They know how to drag hose, how to deliver tools to a fireman so he won't have to leave his position, how to hook up smoke injectors, how to resuscitate firemen overcome by smoke, how to rescue people, and, above all, how to obey orders."

Unfortunately, though, not all buffs—or, rather, people who profess to be buffs—merit Horwitz' words. There have been, for example, cases of buffs setting fires.

This sort of thing is, of course, rare, but the awareness that it is possible has caused some fire commissioners to take a dim view of buffs. One of these is Michael T. Kelleher of Boston.

"Fire-fighting," Kelleher remarked one day last winter, "is a serious and dangerous business. It belongs to trained firemen and should not be a fad and fancy of sparks any more than it should be proper for firemen who like money to go into a bank and divert themselves by playing with currency."

At the same time, however, Kelleher is admiring of the helpful and unobtrusive likes of Arthur Fiedler and members of the Box 52 Association, who have performed such services as raising \$9,365 to help support the survivors of two firemen killed in the line of duty.

Although Kelleher has never said so, it is not unlikely that he

is grateful that the hobby, as irksome as it is, has not been made even more so by the infiltration of women. In all of New York City, for example, there is only one.

She is Parthenia Vickers and, since she is a direct descendant of Peter Stuyvesant, the first fire warden on Manhattan Island, she feels that she comes naturally by her hobby. Perhaps the most eloquent expression of Miss Vickers' addiction is the decor of her hotel suite. Along the walls are fire helmets, prints and photographs of firemen in action, and two blue bottles which once were used as extinguishers.

Among her most cherished possessions is a helmet that once belonged to a chief who presented it to her on his retirement.

Miss Vickers, who has held several important jobs since her graduation from law school, usually takes a camera to fires. As dedicated as she is, though, there was at least one other woman whose interest equaled hers. She was Lillie Hitchcock Coit, who died in 1929 at the age of 86 and whose memory is perpetuated by Coit Tower on Telegraph Hill in San Francisco and in a book by Florida Green called "Some Personal Recollections of Lillie Hitchcock Coit."

"Her childish admiration for the firemen (all volunteers in those days) grew as the years went on," says her biographer, "and this

devotion led to that unique phase of her picturesque life when she became the only woman member of a fire company. She knew every one of the famed volunteer fire companies."

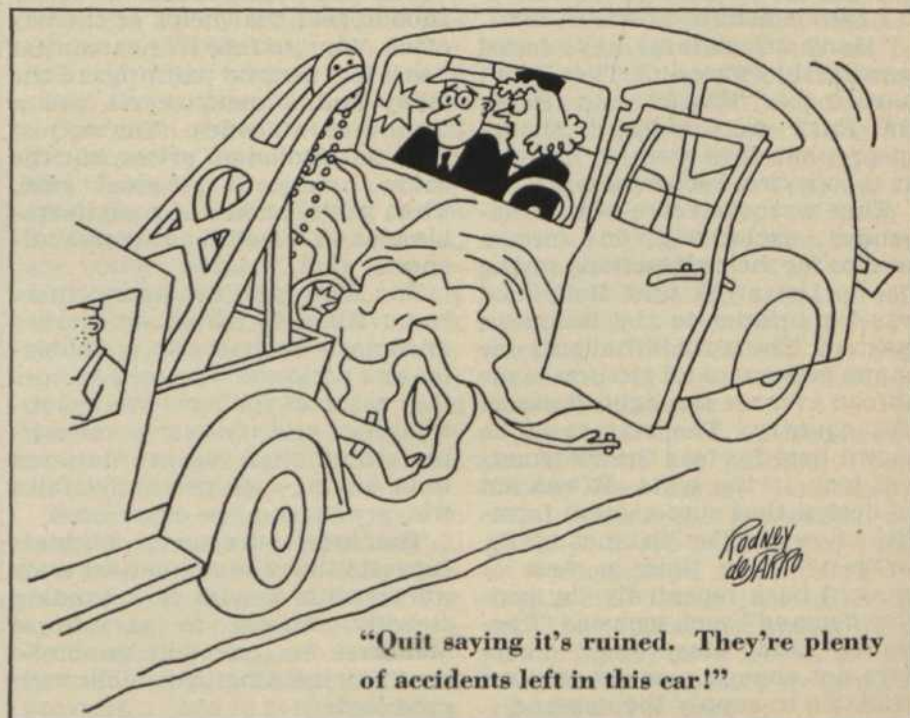
Although she lived directly across the street from Company No. 4, Miss Coit chose to attach herself to the more remote Knickerbocker No. 5. The fact that the feminism of those days prevented her attendance at fires after dark did not dampen her ardor.

For their part, the members of No. 5, with whom she used to play poker, regarded her as a mascot in the precise meaning of the word and they used to redouble their efforts when she was, as Miss Green says, "looking on with pride at the work of her 'company.'"

Once Miss Coit heard an alarm and rushed to the scene. Two ladders had been raised and No. 5 and another company were shooting water into the flames. Indicating her with a nod, a member of the other company laughed scornfully at one of No. 5's men and called her a "Featherbedder." At this, the No. 5 member turned the hose directly on her, dousing her to the skin. When she saw that one of her company had done it, she merely smiled.

"Told you she was no Featherbedder," the No. 5 man announced proudly to his rival.

Unfortunately, Miss Coit did not live to enjoy the loftiest tribute ever paid her or, for that matter, any other buff. This was Knickerbocker No. 5's standing guard outside her room while she lay in state.



"Quit saying it's ruined. They're plenty of accidents left in this car!"

Blackboards Made White

IN Santa Monica, Calif., an ex-bomber pilot has discovered that the difference between "white" and "black" can pay off with a million dollar business.

Jack Bozung's white blackboards were born five years ago when Bozung, a former lieutenant colonel in the Eighth Air Force, started to design an easy-to-erase drawing board for his young son. His memory went back to a gadget he used when he was personnel officer for the 493rd Bomber Squa-

alphabet books and soap base finger paints blended with lemon, strawberry, chocolate and other scents to match the colors.

The first year his firm turned out 100,000 units. Then he advertised his new toys the year 'round, instead of in November and March, the traditional toy promotion months.

Orders from top department stores poured in so fast Bozung had to move to a bigger plant in Santa Monica.

Then industry discovered Bozung's products. "Big companies," Bozung said, "wrote they were buying our whiteboards from their local toy stores and begged for something larger. General Electric wanted production control boards. Major airlines began using our erstwhile 'toys' as arrival and departure boards, so we started making them not only in white, but in light green, buff, yellow and gray—everything but black. The first thing we knew our industrial sales threatened to overshadow our toy business."

One day a representative of Oregon's Western Pine Association suggested that Crayoff's would be ideal for grading lumber. Marks made by old-style grease crayons had to be removed with a sander, and the heat generated melted the grease, often leaving a damaging stain. Now the lumber industry, as well as metal, glass and furniture factories use Crayoffs, since a wipe with a damp cloth erases marks.

The Corporation's two newest offshoots are magnetack boards and fluorescent Crayoffs that glow in "black light." The Navy already is using the fluorescent Crayoffs aboard ship for personnel briefing in darkened ward rooms and to mark entrance ways. The magnetack boards combine the white plastic erasable surface with a metal backing that "takes" tiny alnico magnets instead of thumb tacks. The Atomic Energy Commission and the Bureau of Standards in Washington also find magnetack boards useful.

Today Bozung's white, green, yellow and other color blackboards pour from his plant at the rate of 2,000,000 units a year. But, Bozung says, it's still a young man's business, created from a simple plastic gadget he first used in the Air Force.

—FAVIUS FRIEDMAN



SID AVERY

dron. "I kept the company rosters on a board faced with a thin acetate sheet," he recalled. "I figured a similar plastic would be a workable idea."

It was. From it he created his Celco Corporation's first whiteboards and coloring cards in a new line of toys for youngsters. The white board is more easily read, optically correct, provides better light reflection and is more cheerful-looking.

But Bozung needed a crayon that children could play with without endangering bathroom walls or mother's bedroom. He came up with "Crayoffs," a soap base, water-soluble crayon that can be wiped off virtually any surface—wallpaper, furniture or painted woodwork—with one swipe of a cloth. Bozung rented a garage in Los Angeles, and with a factory staff of two people began designing other toys: color and re-color cards with cartoon figures, Timothy Gee

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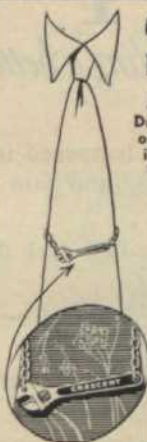
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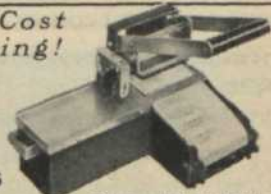
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Wars chew up raw materials fast. So the Council helped Uncle Sam conduct salvage campaigns for metals, fats and paper. Again *you* met the need.

Then came campaigns on forest fire prevention, Victory Gardens, "loose talk," rationing, nurse recruitment and many others. And each time, when they learned the need, the people acted.

But this voluntary service did not end with the war. By popular demand, it began to help such peacetime causes as Savings Bonds, Highway Safety, Community Chests, Red Cross, Economic Education, Crusade for Freedom, Better Schools, Civil Defense and Blood Donation.

Over a billion and a half dollars in advertising space and time have been given freely by American business to do these vital jobs in the public interest. Hardly an American but knows about them and has had some part in their progress.

This publication salutes the Advertising Council on its Tenth Anniversary as a wonderful example of American teamwork. Its achievements are a tribute to the whole American people—to business that supports its activities—to all those devoted workers, in so many fields, who have helped to tell you what needed doing. But most of all to *you* who *did* it!





Reminded by ads like this, contributed by the magazines of America at no cost to Uncle Sam or the taxpayer, you now own over \$35 billion in Defense Bonds.



What YOU Can Do... MUST Do
To Ease the Critical Iron and Steel Scrap Problem

When scrap is needed quickly to keep our defense plants rolling, ads like this, sponsored by leading business and trade publications, help to make that need known.

What the Advertising Council Is ...and what it does

As it starts on its second decade, the Advertising Council is a fine example of the conscience of America in action. It is a voluntary organization—-independent, non-profit, non-partisan—dedicated to the welfare and progress of all our people.

It is composed largely of advertisers, agencies and media, including magazines, newspapers, radio and television, the outdoor and transportation advertising groups.

The Council's budget is contributed by business generally. Space and time for Council programs are donated by advertisers and media. Advertising agencies provide free all the creative talent needed for the preparation of campaign materials.

As the first organized, systematic method of getting important messages to the public quickly, the Council annually reviews hundreds of requests

for help from government agencies and leading non-profit organizations which have learned that advertising—through simplification, dramatization and repetition—gets things done.

Closely associated with the Council is an Industries Advisory Committee consisting of 38 business leaders and a Public Policy Committee which evaluates requests for campaigns. The latter includes 20 leading representatives from the fields of management, labor, education, agriculture, religion, medicine and journalism.

All these good Americans have accomplished much by working together. But so much *more* still remains to be done! This publication is confident that the Advertising Council will continue to do its part by giving you the facts about national problems as they arise, so that in the future as in the past, they will be met in the traditional voluntary American way.



The messages you see and hear over radio and television on behalf of national causes such as Better Schools, Blood Donors, CARE, Fight Inflation and Racial and Religious Prejudice, are scheduled by the Council. Stars, advertisers, agencies, networks and local stations all cooperate.



The posters along the thoroughfares and in your transportation vehicles often carry messages in the public interest. The space is given by the Outdoor and Transportation advertising industries.

The Council also serves American Cancer Society, American Heritage, Boy Scouts, Brotherhood Week, Christmas Seals, 4-H Clubs, Flag Day, Girl Scouts, Heart Fund, Religion in American Life, Salvation Army, United Negro Colleges, and many other projects in the public interest.



This advertisement is contributed by
NATION'S BUSINESS
magazine as a public service.



You learned of the nurse shortage from ads like this, many of them contributed by daily, weekly and labor newspapers. During the past five years, 418,000 young women have responded.



We must increase American productivity if we are to meet our defense needs and maintain a strong civilian economy. House magazines of leading companies carry ads like this regularly.

We Owe It to the Dutch

(Continued from page 30)

one-quarter inches in diameter, and are placed a foot apart.

The ball used for tenpins may not exceed 16 pounds in weight, nor be larger than 27 inches in circumference; in regulation adult play, the ball may not weigh less than ten pounds. To guard against the "dodo" or "loaded ball" the American Bowling Congress has a trick scale which weighs only a quarter of the ball at a time. Despite this precaution, the German bowling team at the 1936 Olympics was convinced that the bowling balls of the American team concealed some intricate mechanical device inside. It was the Americans' ability to roll a hook ball that confounded the Germans.

The duckpin ball may not exceed five inches in diameter or three pounds, 12 ounces in weight. Any size ball of less diameter may be used.

THE rubberband duckpin ball is limited to the same diameter, but may not exceed three pounds, eight ounces in weight. The candlepin ball is even smaller, being limited to 4½ inches in diameter, and a maximum weight of two pounds, seven ounces.

A tenpin, standing 15½ inches high on a base 2¼ inches in diameter, must not weigh less than two pounds, 14 ounces, or more than three pounds, ten ounces. The duckpin weighs about a pound and a half and is 9½ inches high. The rubberband duckpin conforms generally to standard duckpin measurements.

The candlepin is 15¼ inches high. The top and bottom are two inches in diameter, and the pin bellies out to a maximum diameter of 2½ inches at the halfway point of its height. A concave groove is milled in the center of the pin from top to bottom.

Manufacturers turn out about 2,500,000 pins annually. The fact that official dimensions for the balls used in the various types of bowling are given in maximum terms is based on two factors. One reflects the evolution of the balls themselves from stone through wood and rubber to the present compositions. The other is based on the fact that the larger the ball, the greater the pinfall. Therefore, the maximum dimensions are cited to equalize scoring opportunities among strong men who could

handle a huge ball and the average bowler who would find a 16-pound ball the heaviest he could conveniently control.

The reason for the popularity of bowling as a game would seem to lie in the fact that almost anybody can bowl. The blind bowl, with special guide rails to assist them; paraplegics bowl from wheel chairs. Three-year-olds using a special ball and organized into "tot leagues" are enthusiastic bowlers; there are octogenarian leagues, and men and women more than 90 frequently appear on alleys.

SOME Western and Middle Western colleges allow gym credits for bowling. Perhaps the most significant demonstration of enthusiasm is to be found in the annual tournaments of the American Bowling Congress and the Woman's International Bowling Congress.

Last year 29,000 men bowlers from everywhere converged on St. Paul, Minn., over a period of 58 days to compete in the annual ABC tournament. There was a total prize melon of approximately \$350,000 for the pinmen to shoot at. However, 10,000 prizes were to be awarded. The top prize is \$1,000, to the winner of the all-events title. The singles champion gets \$500; the doubles winners split \$1,000, and the five-man team titleholders divide \$2,500 or \$500 per man. The lowest prize in the tournament is \$5. Bowlers pay an \$18 entry fee—\$5 for eligibility in the singles, doubles and team events, and \$3 for all-events recognition. Yet bowlers come from as far away as 2,200 miles and all pay their own expenses.

Pegging the sport of bowling on the health and industrial relations levels is a bit tricky; even the most enthusiastic are inclined to be moderate in their claims. "Bowling is not a cure-all," says an official announcement. "Physicians, physical trainers, athletic directors and even beauty experts recommend it, but it certainly is not advised for heart cases. It will not take inches off your waist and hip lines. The game does not purport to cure ailments, overcome physical handicaps or make you unnaturally strong if you are naturally weak."

On the other hand, while it is conceded that the exercise derived from bowling is healthful over-all, it is probable that the greatest value of the game to the individual

lies on the psychological level—"it relaxes the mind"—and in the social contacts which it promotes.

On the level of employer-employee relations the value of bowling would seem to lie principally in the fact that it is a participant, not a spectator, sport. Employees bowl in competition with representatives of management; the rapprochement promoted is constructive; less frequent meetings of the grievance committee have been observed to be one result; in circumstances of pressure production, absenteeism is minimized.

Bowling, as a sport, has produced many colorful personalities, outstanding among them Andy Vari-papa and the late Joe Falcara.

Varipapa is ambidextrous, and performs such feats as rolling two balls simultaneously, one with each hand. The balls cross paths on the way down the alley, the "slow" ball "picking up" the pins left standing after the "fast" ball has reached the target. Incidentally, the average speed of the large ball down the alley is 29.62 miles per hour, and it takes about 2.02 seconds to reach the pins from the foul line.

Falcara's favorite stunt required the use of three alleys simultaneously. On alley No. 1 the 7 pin stood alone. On alley No. 3 the 10 pin stood alone. All pins stood on alley No. 2, and in addition, two pins were set out ahead of them about 20 feet from the pit end of the alley. Falcara then rolled one ball at these two pins. The ball sent one flying to the left to pick off the 7 pin standing in alley No. 1; the other to the right to pick off the 10 pin standing in alley No. 3; and then proceeded down alley No. 2 knocking over all ten pins standing at the end of that alley.

THE game has many great performers, among them being the current match-game titleholder, Dick Hoover, 21, of Akron, Ohio. Hoover is the youngest pinman ever to hold the championship. But none ever has duplicated the feat of an unidentified amateur bowler who was performing recently on an alley in the Far West.

This man had rolled a series of perfect frames, and delivered his last ball for a concluding "strike"—all pins knocked down by one ball. The ball made a "strike" all right, but one of the pins split in half from top to bottom, and one of the halves bounded back onto the alley bed and stood up again in approximately its original position! It is the only case on record where a bowler bowled 299½ out of a possible 300!

Does Business Want War?

(Continued from page 39)

As long as the businessman believes this, all his other reasons for hating war are multiplied and mount to a passion that does not equally stir the rest of the community.

Thus the Soviet's insistence that the American Government is the docile instrument of sinister Wall Street imperialists is ludicrous. No war emergency has occurred since the turn of the century in which the government in power at the time of the emergency was not bitterly opposed by the overwhelming majority of businessmen, bankers, investors, Wall Street houses.

The businessman's attitude toward war and "eagerness" for war profits can be found in his reluctance to accept government orders. In the midst of an anxious effort to rearm with all possible speed, we find Defense Production Administrator Manly Fleischmann commenting that: "Naturally all industry wants to continue in civilian production to the maximum extent."

I. F. Stone, writing in the *Nation*, put it even more strongly. He accused the aircraft industry of going on a sit-down strike against the war program.

Perhaps the best appraisal of industry's reluctance to change from peace to war production can be found in Aaron Levenstein's "Labor, Today and Tomorrow":

"In the beginning the Government tried to cajole industry into converting from civilian to military production. But so long as peacetime goods could profitably be made, business was reluctant to change over. Industry did not want to disturb its established customer relationships. Patriotic impulses were balanced by fear of the competitor who might not convert, who might corner the peacetime market and win permanent dominance in the field."

America has no munitions industry. During the month before hostilities started in Korea, the American steel industry was operating at more than 90 per cent of capacity, with output going to satisfy peace needs. At the start of World War II draftees had to train with broomsticks and dummy weapons because American arms producers had been making sporting guns, not military rifles, for 20 years.

One of the toughest problems of our long-range military planners is how to keep American industry on a partial war footing for many years. They know that, with the slightest easing in the international situation, there will come the clamorous demand for a full return to peacetime production.

Even on the rare occasions when the competition-minded American businessman has been attracted by the security benefits of cartels, the motive has been a peaceful one, not a desire to heighten international conflict. Cartels provide one method of amicably settling competition in the market. By dividing the market so that each producer has his own special preserve and controlling sources of supply so that all members of the cartel may share, the arrangement insures that the members need not come into competitive contact. There are many strong objections to these arrangements—but war-mongering is not one of them.

Why then, in the face of all the contrary evidence, can the myth of Wall Street imperialism continue? There are several reasons. First, the Kremlin hopes to divert attention from its own actions by accusing the United States of the things the Soviets are doing.

Thus the Soviet radio charges: "The Philippines are formally an independent country, but in fact the country is an American colony. The ignoble comedy of granting independence to the Philippines was necessary for the U. S. rulers to camouflage the shameless management of this country by Wall Street."

The audacity of charges like this is almost unbelievable when we examine the record of the accuser. Since 1939, the Soviet Union proper actually has absorbed about 270,000 square miles of territory with a population of more than 24,000,000. Add to that the satellite countries, that are bound to the Soviet Union by all the power of the Red army and fifth-column Communist Parties, and you get a picture of rapid imperialist expansion that a Caesar or a Napoleon would envy.

What has the United States been doing in those same 12 years? We have granted independent status to the Philippines and enlarged the self-governing responsibility of Puerto Rico. We have annexed no new territories although, as the strongest power in the world after

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the war, we had ample opportunity. On the contrary, we have done everything in our power to restore the strength and independence of nations throughout the world.

Since 1940, we have spent the almost unbelievable amount of \$82,000,000,000 in aid to foreign countries. In the words of Herbert Feis, writing in the *Yale Review* in the fall of '51:

"Throughout the Marshall Plan area and elsewhere we have provided the materials and the machinery for the restoration of industry and agriculture destroyed or dislocated by the war. We have lent the means and given the knowledge by which other countries, in Latin America for example, can improve the use of their own resources and become less dependent on us for essentials. We have assisted the whole world in finding and developing raw materials.

"We have sprung forward with plans to guide newly independent states like Korea, Indo-China, Indonesia, and faltering states like those of the Middle East.

"Thus we have helped countries where private competitive capitalism prevails, others which are semisocialist and still others far on the road to socialism. We have provided means for competitive private business, for monopolies, for state ventures, and, in the case of Yugoslavia, even for Communist establishments."

The record of World War II shows that the capitalist "imperialist" provided the Soviet Union with the base for the military might she now turns against us. After the war, we offered to pool all of our atomic resources, factories, materials and even bombs in a vast socially owned international agency. And interestingly enough, the author of that plan was "the Wall Street speculator," Bernard Baruch.

Yet, in spite of this eloquent record, the charges continue to batter the ears of the world. The Soviets act on the principle that an ardent offense is the best defense. In a world at war now in Korea, tomorrow perhaps in Yugoslavia, ultimately perhaps throughout the world—the Soviet Union conceals its aggression behind accusations against others.

At one time, England was denounced as the principal threat to world peace. That was so despite the fact that the most ardent

spokesman for the mercantile interests of Manchester and Liverpool, Neville Chamberlain, was almost dishonorably eager for peace in our time. It remained for the least conservative Conservative, the former Liberal Party member Winston Churchill, to grasp the reins of government from the businessmen and accept the challenge of the war. Yet, the Kremlin persisted in labeling the British the warmongers of the 1930's—particularly after the Soviet Union itself had signed the Nazi-Soviet Pact and given Hitler the go-ahead signal.

The warmonger imperialist shoe doesn't quite fit Britain today. It must, therefore, be made to fit the only remaining giant of the free world, the United States. That explains why the United States is the accused. But it doesn't explain why the accusation must be focused chiefly on the American business-

labor, protected by free labor unions and legally enforced collective bargaining. It is necessary to hide the fact that labor and management discuss their problems peacefully a thousand times for each occasion that produces conflict. The Kremlin must destroy the impact of these glistening and appealing American truths. This leaves two alternatives.

The first is to deny their truth. The Soviet does this with some success at home. It does not succeed so well outside the Iron Curtain where some measure of truth can be heard. But in the Russian drive for power, these people, too, must somehow be persuaded that the richness of American life and our freedom are dangerous illusions.

Here we come to the Soviet's second alternative. It must persuade the world that, if there is a widespread enjoyment of wealth in the U.S.A., the price we pay for it is

so great that Ukrainian poverty is preferable. What is the price? The Marxist-Leninist dogma provides the answer for Radio Moscow, the Voice of Bucharest, the puppets of Peiping, the spokesmen of North Korea. These riches are produced, they say, only at the cost of endangering world peace and creating mass depression and widespread hunger.

There used to be a third alternative but it has become so absurd that it isn't emphasized much today outside the Soviet Union. The third was at the heart of the old Marxist *kultur*. It taught that under capitalism the richer the country became the poorer the workers would be, the more production, the greater the starvation, the lower the wages, the higher the accum-

ulated wealth of the capitalist and landlord.

Marx believed that the poverty would become so great that in the inevitable struggle between labor and capitalism, the "prisoners of starvation" would rise, break their chains and overthrow their masters.

It is difficult to believe now that even as recently as 25 years ago this was good respectable economic prophecy believed in by millions of thinking people throughout the world.

Today it's laughable. The whole non-Communist world knows the facts about the American standard of living. But the Kremlin masterminds still dust this theory off occasionally for home consumption.



man. Here the reasons are a little more complex but still clear.

First of all, the American economic system—the consumer capitalism of the United States, the great wealth and ingenuity, the gigantic industrial power of this country—presents an appealing picture to the underprivileged people of the world and particularly the brutalized slaves of the Soviet Union. It is difficult to persuade them that six cakes of soap in competition with each other are not better than none.

It is difficult to persuade the Russian people that 40,000,000 automobiles in the hands of average Americans are an evil thing. It is impossible to discredit a 40-hour work week, enjoyed by a free



NOTEBOOK



Chart shows tool advantages

AFTER a good bit of painstaking economic research the Wilkie Foundation of Des Plaines, Ill., has come up with the equation "NR plus HE times T equals MMW."

Even when spelled out, this remains a fairly formidable proposition: Natural Resources plus Human Energy multiplied by Tools produces Man's Material Welfare.

Feeling that the fact deserved public circulation but knowing that few people would follow the argument through a wilderness of technical terms, the Foundation illustrated its findings on a colorful pictorial chart.

A glance at the pictures shows, for instance, how production has increased—and in what directions—since 1600 when men supplied 18 per cent of the world's energy and animals 82 per cent, until today when productive effort comes three per cent from men, one per cent

from animals and 96 per cent from machines.

The Doall Company of Des Plaines is filling requests from those who want copies of the chart.

Shoes are getting bigger

THE woman customer who demanded a pair of shoes that were "large outside but small inside" has held an established place in American humor for years. According to Harold Green, manager of the shoe department in Hess Brothers store in Allentown, Pa., she no longer deserves it.

"Years ago," he says, "a woman would insist on pinching her feet with shoes too small for her. Today, the average woman with large feet is not ashamed to ask for a large size."

But on the other hand—or more properly on the other "foot":

"When I broke into the business it was not unusual for a man to call

up and ask us to send up the same type of shoes he bought last time. Today the man buying shoes is almost as selective as his wife and, believe it or not, many are harder to satisfy than the women."

Green softens this bad news to gag men with a further thought which may help. "People's feet are getting bigger. The average person today gets a shoe at least a size larger than he would have bought two decades ago."

Water for industry

ALTHOUGH the average citizen of this country personally uses only about one gallon of water a day, almost 1,000 gallons are consumed on his account, according to a bulletin, "Water for Industry," just published by the Urban Land Institute. It takes about 65,000 gallons of water to make a ton of steel, for instance.

The bulletin, designed as a guidebook on plant location with respect to water supplies, strikes a cautiously optimistic note in regard to the nation's over-all water situation. It stresses that proper study and engineering methods may permit linking up surface and underground sources to provide supplies for new plants in an area without overdeveloping withdrawal.

"The significance for industry is that geologists have developed methods that largely eliminate guesswork in the calculation of water supply."

Air officers in chamber

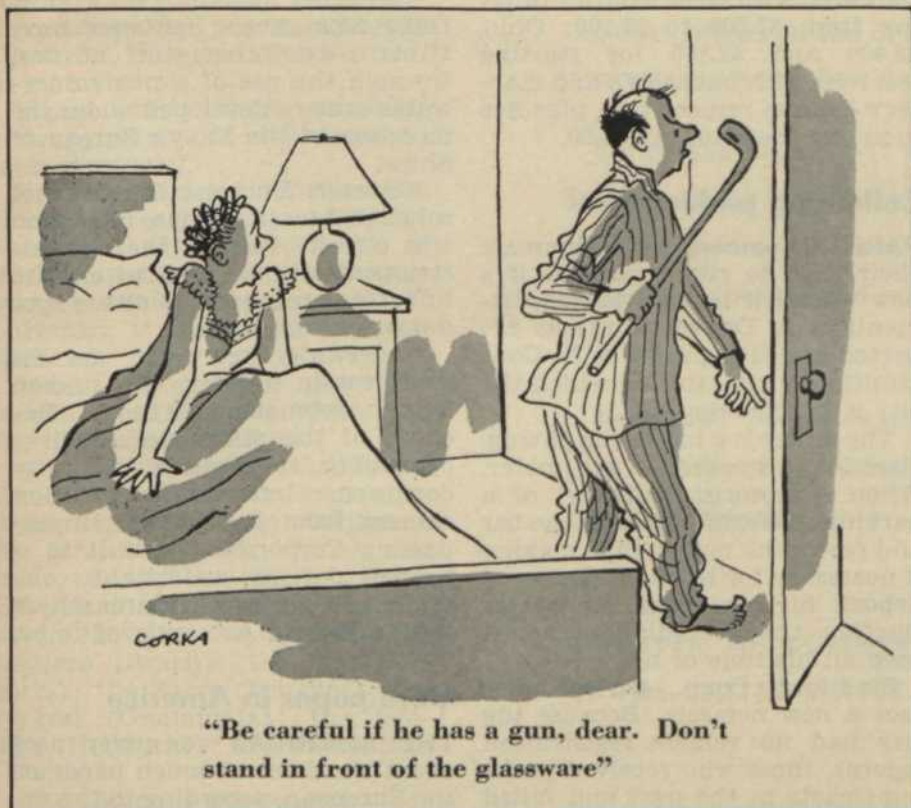
SIXTEEN officers from Sheppard Air Force Base are now serving on Chamber of Commerce committees in nearby Wichita Falls, Texas.

The arrangement was made at the request of R. Mills Tittle, Chamber president. Believing that the 40,000 personnel of the air base were, in fact, part of his city's community life, they should have an active part in carrying out the Chamber's new program "Blueprint for a Better City."

The post commandant, agreeing with the view, appointed officers—members to the Chamber committees. The soldiers will serve on the groups considering housing, civilian defense, Sheppard AFB relations and the Safety Council, among others.

Many new drug products

"SIXTY per cent of today's retail drug sales involve products which didn't even exist ten years ago,"



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H-27

Graydon L. Walker of Parke, Davis & Company, told a recent luncheon meeting in Boston, "and 90 per cent of today's prescriptions couldn't have been written 15 years ago. I am confident that even greater achievements lie ahead."

As a result of pharmaceutical research, company members pointed out, infectious diseases are rather well under control and the laboratories are getting under way in "a fight to the finish against cancer, polio, degenerative diseases of the aged, and other unsolved problems of suffering humanity."

Meanwhile American drug houses are facing new competition from foreign countries where investment in specialty drug firms appeals to local investors because it requires no huge capital expenditure such as steel mills, for example, do.

Teachers get pay boost

LEGISLATORS of at least 18 states, Puerto Rico and Hawaii acted to improve teachers' pay in 1951, according to the Council of State Governments.

Methods of granting increases varied as did the size of the pay boost. In several states minimum pay for teachers is now the rule. Last year's additions to the list include California, \$3,000 for fully accredited teachers; Georgia, \$2,400 for beginning teachers with four-year certificates; New Jersey, \$2,500 with arrangements for a bonus up to \$400 a year; North Carolina, with basic salaries ranging from \$2,200 to \$3,100; Ohio, \$2,400 and \$2,600 for starting teachers with bachelor's and master's degrees respectively, plus five increments of \$100 and \$120.

Collecting parking fees

PARKING meters will increase their yield to city treasurers if a new gimmick being tried experimentally in Denver works as expected and if it proves to be Constitutional, a matter on which the city is in some doubt.

The device is a bar in the paving, electrically hooked to the meter. When a motorist pulls out of a parking space, his car trips the bar and resets the meter, thus making it necessary for the next parker to deposit his own coin, no matter whether the preceding occupant used all his time or not.

Stamford, Conn., parkers also face a new nemesis. Because the city had no vehicle registration records, those who received parking tickets in the past and failed

to appear at a police station were almost immune from fines. Now the city has an arrangement under which the state checks the car numbers of violators for five cents a name—the nickel going to college students who do the checking on a part-time basis.

Since the standard parking charge in Stamford is \$1, the city makes a 95 cent profit on each name bought.

Where motorists spend money

NORTH SACRAMENTO and Fairfield, Calif., have added new fuel to the old argument about whether motor travelers spend money in the towns along their routes.

In 1947 a freeway by-passing North Sacramento's main business street cut traffic there by 44 per cent. Since then, according to the American Society of Planning Officials, the 224 retail stores along the street report a 48.5 per cent business increase. The county average was 27 per cent.

Fairfield, on the other hand, found its retail sales up only 4.5 per cent against a county average of five per cent when a new freeway by-passed its business section. The city, midway between San Francisco and Sacramento, was a popular place for a "break" for regular travelers between the two towns. Cafes, bars and service stations showed nearly a one third drop in business when traffic was rerouted.

Televising the depths

DEEP-SEA divers can now have their own television shows, through the use of a new underwater camera developed under the direction of the Navy's Bureau of Ships.

However, Imogene Coca is not scheduled for immediate release on this circuit. Instead the new instrument will be used to explore undersea areas to help divers spot dangerous conditions.

Underwater television got its first test in locating the sunken British submarine "Affray." Because of the difficulties of diver operations, the British Admiralty borrowed a standard television camera from the British Broadcasting Corporation, put it in a hastily devised watertight container and surveyed the area where the sunken sub was believed to be.

More paper in America

THE AMERICAN consumer uses about six times as much paper as the European, according to the re-

port of 34 European pulp and paper experts who visited the United States under the productivity and technical assistance program of the Economic Cooperation Administration.

The team's findings were published in a 378-page report.

Cities are growing

MUNICIPAL employment is continuing to rise as cities' populations expand and services are extended to larger areas.

Statistics compiled for the "1951 Municipal Year Book" by the International City Managers' Association show that city non-school employment increased by 24,000 last year to reach a postwar high of 1,106,000. City payrolls were up \$10,500,000—an increase of 4.8 per cent over 1949. City employees make up 17.3 per cent of the total of all public employees, Census Bureau figures show.

New York City with 116,055 employees and a monthly payroll of \$31,142,200—larger than most cities' annual budgets—far outdistanced all other cities in personnel as well as payroll. Chicago was next with 26,713 employees.

By comparison, Sunbury, Pa., with a population of 16,000 had only 28 employees on its payroll.

Money with a foreign tongue

WHEN the world was smaller a traveler returning from Britain could amuse his friends with accounts of his confusion when, having made a small purchase, he was asked for "one and thruh-p'nce" in payment.

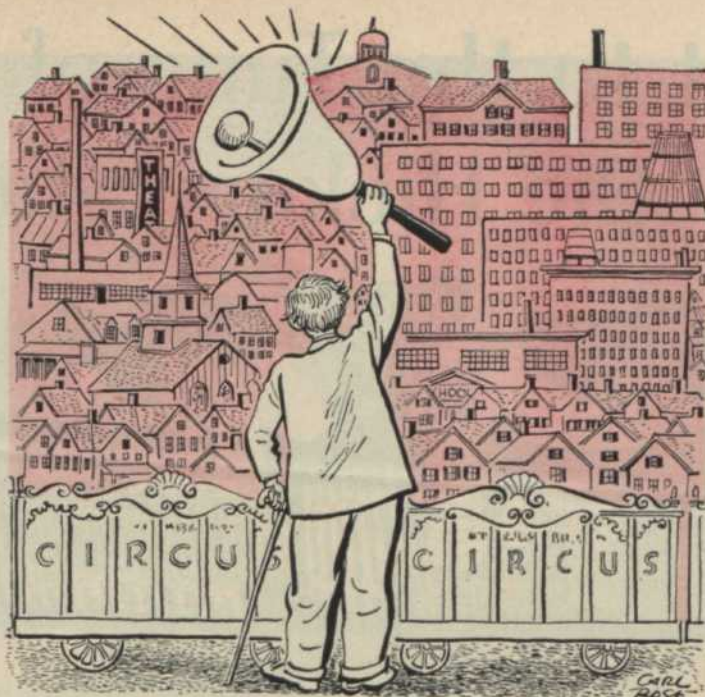
Today when almost everybody goes any place that attitude would seem provincial.

But a booklet, "Foreign Exchange Quotations," issued by the Foreign Banking Department of the First National Bank of Chicago suggests that money, though it is universal, is still far from standardized.

More jurisdictions use the escudo, for instance than use the U. S. dollar officially.

The book lists some 150 different standards of financial measurement, among them, in addition to the familiar pounds, francs, and ruble, the afghani, which is worth 100 puls in Afghanistan; the lek, worth 100 qintar in Albania; the cruziero (Brazil); the lev (Bulgaria); the Sucre (Ecuador); the quetzal (Guatemala); the lempira (Honduras); and the pataca (Timor).

The escudo is Portuguese.



A crippled old veteran of the big top used to wake the circus train each morning with a bell and a chant, "Everybody up! Another day, another chance!"

In your community it's "Another year, another chance!" A chance to help make it a better place to live and work. The opportunities are all around—schools, hospitals, playgrounds, parking areas, street improvements.

In fact, there's no end of civic jobs to be done. Only it takes people to follow through on them.

But people alone don't make a better community. People working together do. That's where your chamber of commerce comes in. It's the rallying point for those who want a hand in shaping their community's future.

How about you? Are you ready to pitch in? If so, your chamber of commerce executives will tell you about membership.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

OF THE UNITED STATES • Washington 6 • D C

Not to the Tune of the Hickory Stick



WHEN a bystander remarked that a businessman who had bumped into a teacher on the steps of a Michigan hotel was an "awkward old goat," the teacher took mild umbrage.

"I wouldn't say that," she said. "He's the president of the power company and a very busy man."

Because businessmen do not habitually bump into teachers on hotel steps, the pedagogical reaction to such a mischance may seem to be a matter of small concern.

But this particular teacher and this particular businessman had figuratively brushed shoulders in the past and the teacher's attitude had been less charitable. She believed, among other things, that the businessman was undoubtedly a tool of the "power trust" and probably a despoiler of widows and orphans. These views she willingly shared with the children the city sent to study at her knee. Had the businessman jostled her in those days she would have accepted his purpose as malicious—and said so. She might have been right.

And the antipathy of these two for each other and the things they stood for was probably not unique among the town's teachers and businessmen—it was just more obvious. The teachers and the businessmen just didn't understand each other.

That situation is changed today.

But the change resulted from no blinding flash of miraculous light. It came, instead, from the painstaking and frequently grubby efforts of the town's business leaders operating through their chamber of commerce.

They organized a Business-Education Day.

Such days are fairly new to community calendars. They began in 1947. Since then some 300 chambers have sponsored them and enough have repeated the event to bring the actual number of B-E Days to 500.

Through them about 150,000 teachers—15 per cent of the nation's total—have been the guests of 10,000 business firms. They have gone through these firms asking questions and hearing explanations: "This machine cost about \$60,000. Its life is about eight years before replacement"; "It costs \$8,000 to provide each job in this factory"; "This \$6,000 machine produces 70 times as much as the machine it replaced"; "Out of every dollar this company receives 65 cents goes to our employees."

Results of sharing business problems with the teachers have been so uniformly spectacular as to convince even the severest critics. In one town the president of the board of education fought the idea and, when overruled, submitted still protesting.

"I've got \$20,000 tied up in teachers' salaries for that day. What will the taxpayers think?"

At the dinner which closed the event, he admitted, "My objection to this program illustrates my poorest judgment in its richest bloom."

Another town which held its first B-E Day with 37 firms as unconvinced hosts repeated the program a year later with 80 firms eager to participate and only enough teachers for 60.

A third city which invited only public school teachers the first year, arranged the next to handle teachers from parochial schools

and three suburbs. For the third year ten suburbs asked to be included. For the fourth coming up soon, operators of model farms will entertain the teachers, too.

Although the free enterprise doctrine which the B-E Day interprets does not always have tangible results as in the case of one teacher who used her experiences as background for a series of social studies geared to her fourth grade pupils, it seldom fails, as one teacher put it, "to create more good will in one day than has been done in many years previous to this time."

"The valuable part of the program," said a New York teacher, "seems to be talking over mutual problems with the employer because his problems are our problems, too," while a teacher in Minnesota took away a new conception of business' problems and the training needs of students who pass from school into business.

Those who have been closest to the B-E idea since its inception find that any firm which takes time for careful preparation can win this kind of response. Industrial operations are frequently more spectacular but any business can make itself interesting.

Two towns, by coincidence named Fremont—Michigan and Nebraska—with no big industries held highly successful B-E Days and in another city the teachers agreed that a shoe store owner whose demonstration covered the preparation of leather, the making and improvements of shoes, and something of his store's operation and profits put on the day's best show.

In 78 towns the teachers, repaying as good guests should the invitation from business, have held Education-Business Days, permitting businessmen behind the scenes in education, showing how better trained teachers in better equipped classrooms are the community's best investment.

The procedures for both kinds of days are now pretty well established. Through them any town can increase its own appreciation of the American economic system as well as the American system of education. Those who doubt it may learn from the experience of an Illinois businessman who, when his town planned a B-E Day "went along but wasn't enthusiastic."

When it was over, he wrote the committee chairman: "All in all, I feel that the cause of private enterprise has never been more successfully advanced by any single medium than it was yesterday on B-E Day."



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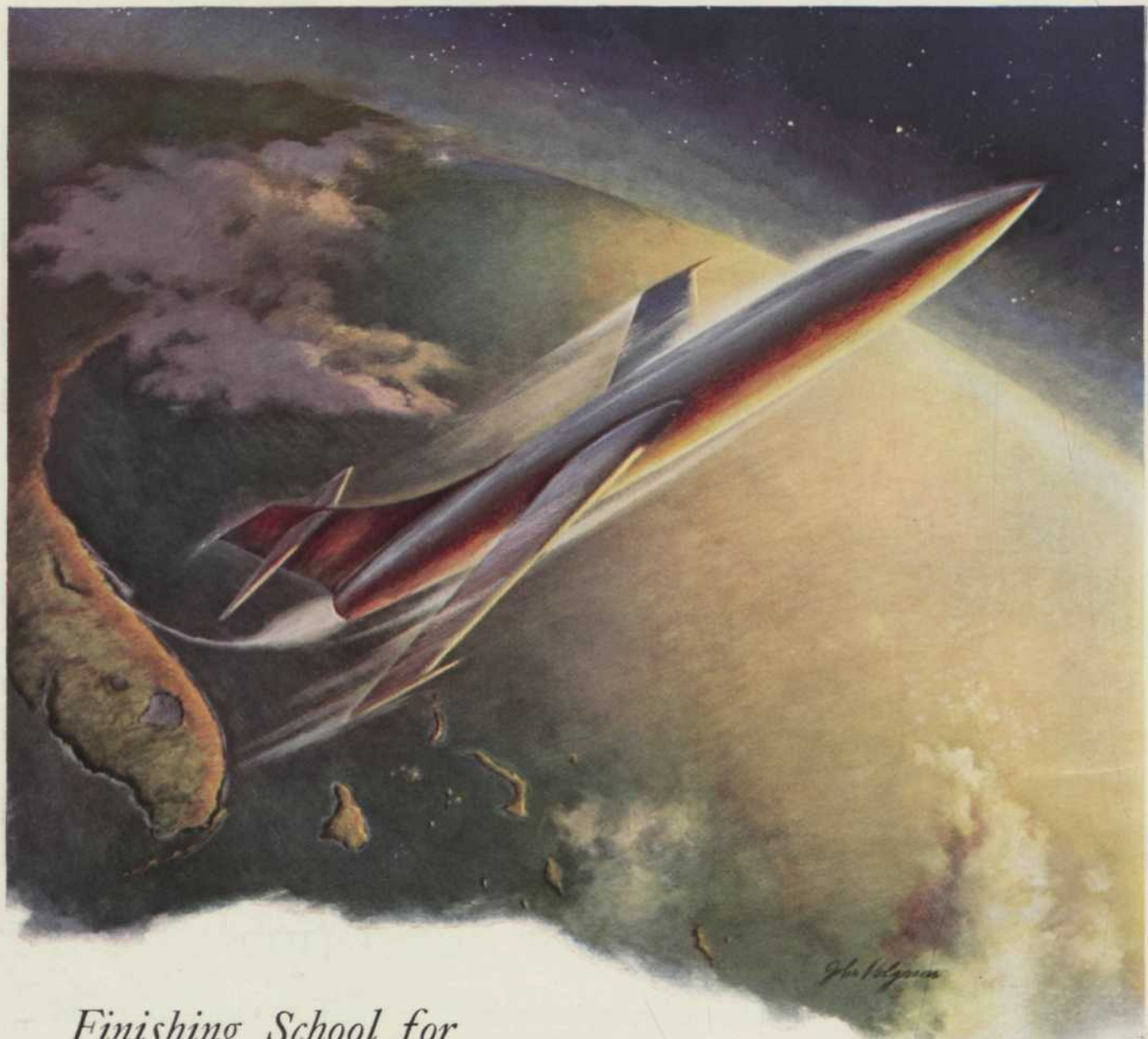
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